

and unconventional? Even in his last Prime Ministership there were those who contrasted his eager fondness for change even in minor matters with the placid conservatism of his predecessor Mr. Attlee. Throughout his life he favoured unconventional people, whom some called charlatans: Wingate in the Second World War, Fisher in the period covered by this volume; and whether Fisher was in truth a charlatan or a great man, at the time when Churchill is seen patiently wooing him through many rebuffs, he was certainly vehemently eccentric and a dreadful liar. It is hard to resist the conclusion that Churchill spoke the truth when he said "I hate the Tory Party" and that it was in the great Liberal Government, which in this book dominates the years from 1906 to 1914, that he felt himself most at home. Nor had his desertion of the Conservatives taken him merely to the Whiggish central section of the Liberals: he had moved right across to the radical left wing. In 1910 Beatrice Webb recorded in her diary:

The big thing that has happened in the last two years is that L.G. and Winston have practically taken the limelight not merely from their own colleagues but from the Labour Party. They stand out as the most advanced politicians. Consider in what this radicalism consisted. It would be whimsically incongruous with the popular conception of Churchill in later life to start with Temperance, a traditional, even moth-eaten radical cry; and yet he is recorded here as saying at a Hyde Park rally in 1908, "The cause of temperance is closely involved with almost every great social cause in which democracy is interested." This is not to be dismissed as a mere temporary ebullience of party spirit, for in his late seventies, as a Conservative Prime Minister, after nearly thirty years back in the Conservative fold, he could be heard growling with reminiscent indignation at the Lords' rejection of the Licensing Bill of 1908. For this and other reasons he was foremost in the attack on the House of Lords after the rejection of the "People's Budget", when a great madness seized the peers which made them abandon the wise advice of Lord St. Aldwyn to follow the doctrinaire Hegelian Milner and inflict

on their country the horrors of a written constitution. As Mr. Churchill demonstrates, it is largely accidental that Lloyd George, because of his Limehouse speech, is now remembered as the principal Hamlet of the Lords while equally violent speeches by Churchill are forgotten. That he was a genuine reformer and a genuine radical is shown by a private memorandum to Asquith of February, 1910, in which Churchill roundly asserts: "The time has come for the total abolition of the House of Lords".

It was probably the social legislation which Churchill introduced as President of the Board of Trade which was the main reason for Beatrice Webb's eulogy. It was in part inspired by her and her husband. Trade Boards and Labour Exchanges were of his own introduction and he had done most of the spadework on the Unemployment Insurance Bill which was introduced by his successor, Sydney Buxton. As a young Tory M.P. he had been deeply influenced by Seebohm Rowntree's *Poverty: A Study of Town Life*, a classic study of the poor of the city of York; so much impressed indeed was he that he wrote an article on it for a service journal. For his Labour Exchanges he summoned from Oxford William Beveridge whom he was to recall thirty-five years later, when he was head of the wartime Coalition Government, to prepare the plans for the welfare state. At times, though professing to have no firm grasp on the theory as opposed to the practice of political economy, Churchill almost anticipates Keynesian principles, as when he advocates the need to have

in permanent existence certain recognized industries of a useful but unprofitable character like afforestation, managed by public departments and capable of being expanded or contracted according to the needs of the labour market, just as easily as you can pull out the stops or work the pedals of an organ.

It is ironical that, just as Lloyd George is remembered as the most scurrilous assailant of dukes, so he has taken from Churchill most of the credit for the social advances made by the government. Similarly, Churchill's humane and enlightened

administration of the Home Office is remembered and valued by prison reformers but in Labour memories at any rate tends to be summed up by the one word "Tony-pandy". If it were possible to destroy by rational argument the myth of Churchill bringing in soldiers to shoot down striking Welsh miners the documents in this book would do it. It is not possible. A myth has a life of its own, particularly when linked to so euphonious a placename; it grows and renews itself, bringing itself up to date with picturesque and anachronistic detail. Mr. Churchill, for example, quotes an Oxford undergraduate who in January, 1967, asserted with confidence to his tutor that "Churchill had ordered tanks to be used against the Welsh miners at Tony-pandy". It naturally makes Mr. Churchill indignant; it is an insult, perhaps, to the dignity of history; but the non-historian must feel a certain irreverent relish at the thought of the mythopoetic faculty being so vigorous and fertile in the twentieth century.

Of all the aspects of Churchill's radicalism the one that called forth the fiercest animosities of his opponents was his support of Home Rule for Ireland. There were indeed special reasons for this singling him out: his father had coined the phrase "Ulster will fight, Ulster will be right" and he himself had shown the greatest coolness to the cause of which, once he became a Minister, he was the most outspoken advocate on the platform and the readiest defender in action. It is strange to read how one opponent could write "I think Winston Churchill really degrades public life more than any one of any position in politics", and how another could speak in public of his "dark and tortuous mind". It is indeed almost impossible now to recapture the mood of a time when Ireland had the power, in Churchill's reminiscent phrases when introducing the Irish Free State Bill, "to lay her hands upon the vital strings of British life and politics and to hold, dominate and convulse, year after year, generation after generation, the politics of this powerful country". That power, so long ago departed, was a very real one in

European as well as British politics. It was regarded as a good joke when the *St. James's Gazette* reported to have warned the *Tar* that it had its eye on him; but in sober truth the *Tar*, or someone in his Intelligence Service, might well have had his eye on the *St. James's Gazette* to see whether the United Kingdom's ability to intervene in a European crisis would be hampered by domestic dissensions. Who in the Kremlin now pays attention to that lively paper's modern equivalent? It is one of the finest ironies in *The World Crisis*, duly quoted here to great effect, when Churchill relates how the Cabinet had "toiled around the muddy byways of Lermanagh and Tyrone" without finding a way out from their deadlock and turned, tired out, to hear and only gradually to take in the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia read out by Sir Edward Grey.

Mr. Churchill fairly makes the point that, though his father was spirited and even pugnacious in support of his party's policy, he was always ready for reasonable conciliation. He had a link with the other side in his friendship with F. E. Smith. His pugnacity has even been exaggerated by his friends; Asquith's own daughter, one of his greatest admirers, for example, thought that he had made naval preparations to intervene in Ulster unknown to the Prime Minister and contrary to his wishes, an accusation which Mr. Churchill here refutes with evidence from the Royal Archives. It must be admitted, however, that his account of the Home Rule controversy will be hard to understand for anyone not already acquainted with it. The Curragh incident, for instance, is particularly obscure, though he gives appropriate references to the modern literature. (The same might be said of his handling of the Marconi Scandal which, as given here, will baffle all those who acquainted with Frances Donaldson's book of that title—again duly referred to.) It is a pity also that in this part of his story there are two misprints which could be misleading. One in an important letter from F. E. Smith about Curson, the other in a speech on Ireland which Lord Fisher called "probably the best speech you ever made". But anyone acquainted with the matter must candidly own that Mr. Churchill has made a most admirable attempt at a difficult task and has, above all, brought out all the vehemence and passion of the bitterest clash of parties in British political history.

The last chapters of the book are concerned with preparations for the

First World War when Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, is well to look back here also to his radical preconceptions with which he first approached the problem of world power. In 1908 he had almost an isolationist, and in a way almost a defeatist, attitude to the idea that a clash with Germany was inevitable. In the spring of 1910, joined with Lloyd George in his attempt to reduce McKenna's naval estimates; he had always been of opinion that the Army estimates were too high. It was the desire to change his mind. Such is Mr. Churchill's conclusion, and as it is a similar change in Lloyd George's mind he may well be allowed to share his point. In the same year Churchill exchanged offices with McKenna and went to the Admiralty; for his work there alone, his life had ended in 1914, he would have deserved a page in history.

It is a great merit of Mr. Churchill that he makes so vivid and readable the critical struggle over the estimate for 1914. Not so much is made of departmental manoeuvring with his economy-minded colleagues in the course of which Churchill seriously considered resignation. He must indeed have been convinced, and rightly as the event showed, of the necessity of adequate preparation for the conflict he now saw to be inevitable, to have even contemplated repeating his father's error in circumstances superficially very similar. The difference of the outcome lies in two Prime Ministers, Salisbury and Asquith. Mr. Churchill emphasizes the vital importance of the Prime Minister's support. Lloyd George, his supporter, acted in the 1930s, "Asquith a much stronger Prime Minister than people imagined. If he said he would do it, he would do it," Churchill, too, years afterwards called in his *Great Contemporaries* his orderly, disciplined mind and support he was always ready to give. It is well to remember, when contemplating the team of genuine statesmen who made up the last Liberal Government, even though they must be overshadowed to the modern eye by the supreme genius of Churchill, that they were all dominated and directed by the cool brain and powers of decision of Asquith.

It was in fact emphatically not a political general. Until the civil war broke out, he had been exclusively a soldier's soldier; and a brilliant one at that. His fighting record in North Africa was superlative. Mr. Crozier has full value to his youthful campaign, which helped to ensure him a secure base in Morocco when the civil war came. At every rank from captain to general inclusive, he was promoted at an exceptionally early age. Of his quality as an army officer there could be no question; nor could there be of his loyalty to the established government, whether under the monarchy or the republic, up to the day of decision in July, 1936. Even then he hesitated until the last moment. Other generals organized the conspiracy. Franco joined it only when he was convinced of the danger to the state. It would be admitted that the Communists were over-optimistic of such a danger; another general, John Metaxas in Athens,

arrived at the same conviction a few weeks later, just as his successors did again this year. But this is not to say Franco's judgment was wrong. Even in his non-political youth he had studied Marxism. This is one of Mr. Crozier's new discoveries, though perhaps he does not sufficiently stress that Franco's studies were conducted through anti-Communist publications. He had also come to believe, partly under the devout influence of his wife, that the Church was an essential bastion of order in the Spanish state. Apart from these strong principles, his guiding motive was an intense devotion to duty as he saw it. "It is our duty to die," was his only comment when he heard of the death in action of the young brother of an officer on his staff. "I win or I die," he would say at critical moments in the civil war, unemotionally recognizing the fact as part of a soldier's duty. He was no less unemotionally ruthless to those who were disloyal to him, even when they were his own relatives.

Franco's virtues are simple and undeniable. But under the stress of experience he also developed a crafty skill. He showed a more than soldierly understanding of Spanish psychology in deciding to relieve besieged garrisons like the Alcazar and Teruel, even at the expense of delaying the capture of Madrid. His technique in balancing the rival forces within his first government was also unexpectedly shrewd. His masterpiece was the handling of Hitler, who said that he would rather have three or four teeth extracted than go through a repetition of their interview at Hendaye in 1940. But even more impressive as a tribute to his political skill is the mere fact that he has survived in power for so long. The first ten years, from 1936 to 1946, were difficult enough, but the following twenty years, with the public opinion of the world against him, have been more triumphant still.

Franco has, of course, been lucky. In a sense the hostility of world

opinion has been part of his luck, because every tactless expression of his side. He was physically lucky in surviving death on many dangerous occasions. He was personally lucky in the elimination one after another of all potential rivals. He was historically lucky more than once in the timing of events. His final victory in the civil war, for example, came between Munich and the outbreak of the Second World War. But if the western powers had decided to go to war at the time of Munich, the history of Spain and Europe could well have been very different. Mr. Crozier thinks that Franco might then have been defeated, because Hitler and Mussolini would have withdrawn their troops from Spain. But it is at least equally possible that they might have reinforced their foothold in Spain, captured Gibraltar, and turned Franco into a mere satellite. Whichever had been the outcome, he would never have become the proud and independent figure that he is today.

The emotions surrounding his personality are still passionate, but much less so in Spain than in other countries. Left-wing sympathizers in this country will never forgive him, even if they may have become disillusioned about his antagonists and aware that it is impossible to convict him of destroying Spanish democracy single-handed. It is the great merit of Mr. Crozier that he has survived the process of disillusionment without becoming unbalanced, and has subjected himself to the charm of Franco's personality without allowing himself to be blinded to adverse evidence. His approach is at once critical, sympathetic and understanding. It recalls, in fact, that of the anonymous man in the street in Madrid who was asked what he thought of Franco, and replied in a low and discreet whisper: "To tell you the truth, I rather like him."

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Politicians—2

FRANCO

BRIAN CROZIER: *Franco*. 589pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode 43s

Mr. Crozier has written by far the best book yet published in English on the Spanish dictator. He is a convert, but a judicious one. That is to say, like all liberal-minded men of his generation, he was brought up to believe that Franco was a Fascist monster, opposed to a democratic nation in arms. The fact that he was supported by Hitler and Mussolini proved that he was a blood-stained villain, whereas the fact that his opponents were supported by Stalin was, if anything, held to their credit. Having shed the veil of left-wing mythology, Mr. Crozier has, not, however, reacted uncritically in the opposite direction. He has carefully studied the evidence—indeed, he has carefully re-examined the assumptions of even such experts as Professor Hugh Thomas—and he has arrived at a reasoned, reasonable conclusion.

Only very occasionally has he overreacted after seeing through the myths of Communist propaganda. A notable example is the legend of Guernica. Everyone knew, or thought they knew, thirty years ago that Guernica was bombed to destruction by Hitler's aircraft in April, 1937. The legend was enshrined in Picasso's famous picture. It was accepted by Professor Hugh Thomas in his monumental history of *The Spanish Civil War*. It has been challenged by Franco's partisans, but they of course are biased. The more that objective historians have been willing to con-

Politicians—3

LYNDON B. JOHNSON

ROLAND EVANS AND ROBERT NOVAK: *Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power*. 597pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 10s.

At the beginning of his fifth year of office, Lyndon B. Johnson is, in everything, more of a mystery man and ambiguous president than he was on the evening of November 22, 1963, in Dallas. It is not merely a question of a little-known figure being suddenly caught in the light that dazzles any new monarch and casts odd lights and shadows on his count. (And any American president is a monarch and any presidential team, in the executive offices and in the mansion, is a court—or two courts.) Vice-President Johnson was in 1964 than was Vice-President Truman in 1945, and yet the exercise of power has, in his case, served to make darkness visible than to increase the clarity of the picture. That had been painted by so many more or less competent artists, in words or in the message of the modern media, since he became minority leader of the Senate and then, under President Eisenhower's rule, something like a second consul. He certainly was not a mere majority leader of the Senate. Democrats of a more radical, in the nation, of a more oppositionist.

Even if Mr. Crozier has not yet far in this single case, he is right to argue that it has been an achievement of left-wing mythology, especially that surrounding Guernica. Mr. Evans and Mr. Novak attempt to plunge into the mind of the Johnson psyche; they do not spend too much time in dealing with the family background, the economic status of the widening gap between the rich and the poor, the role of the South-West Texas Teachers' College, or a mere list of contrasting the very different educational backgrounds of President Johnson and his predecessor, John F. Kennedy. The crucial point, Mr. Crozier makes about Franco, is that

Fitz "Fitzgerald"—or of that important political publicist, Patrick Kennedy. It is a matter of making intelligible to the great mass of the American people the different and overlapping worlds of political Texas and congressional Washington, two worlds almost equally unknown to "the old lady from Dubuque". Both these tasks Mr. Evans and Mr. Novak perform admirably and in a way that marks their book off from such senatorial contributions as those that have come and are coming from Senator Fulbright and Senator Eugene McCarthy, not to speak of the now much less popular hagiographical efforts of Mr. William White.

First of all, it should be remembered that the authors are "columnists" of a special kind. They are not ruthless and relentless expositors of the daily scandal like Mr. Drew Pearson; they are not commentators on the Washington scene like Mr. James "Scotty" Reston; still less are they imitators of the national political censor, Mr. Walter Lippmann, whose casting of the dust of L.B.J.'s Washington from his feet had almost the impact of the secession of Coriolanus. Mr. Evans and Mr. Novak are commentators on the news. They are not crusaders of the Left or the Right; neither lamenting with Mr. Alsop that the war is not pushed enough or the chances of success not rated highly enough, nor anguished that the war is being fought at all as so many survivors of the Kennedy regime.

For the authors of this book, President Johnson is an enigma that can be made less enigmatic by careful analysis of the worlds in which Lyndon Baines Johnson has been operating from birth, from the hard-scrabble lands of Texas to the centre of world power at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. The first effort is to make Texas intelligible as a method of making President Johnson intelligible. And more Americans than ever neither understand nor want to understand Texas. The recent publication of the

first volumes of the papers of General Grant shows that hostility to Texas goes back right to the time when the United States joined the lone star state and that General Sheridan was prophetic of a national attitude when he announced that if he owned Texas and Hell, he would "rent Texas and live in Hell". Of course, Texas is funny; so is Southern California, but people think that there is something more sinister and hidden in Texas life than in the life of "the Sunny Southland". Governor Reagan may become a serious political force after a career in B movies but he is not as mysterious as Governor Connally. Seen from outside Texas, the "Gay Place" is not very gay.

To this strange and changing world, Mr. Evans and Mr. Novak are cool and competent guides. They cast a cold eye on the structure of Texas politics and on the Texas establishment and they show how unstable was Senator Johnson's home base and how little his years as Vice-President did to stabilize it. In a way, there was nothing to be surprised about in this change of base. Texas was changing not only from the days of Sam Houston, but also from the days of Jim Hogg, the "Texas" of Lyndon Johnson's political father. By the time that Senator Johnson was setting up for a statesman, Governor John Connally was representative of a shift from the old agrarian base and discontents to the new industrial base. Oil was more important than the King Ranch; airplane plants than cotton; the great new pools of federal money being brought in round Houston—and Dallas—providing a wonderful chance for boosting the Confederate spirit, preaching States Rights, and "tugging at the federal tail". In his last days as a senator, Lyndon Johnson cast himself as a western, not a southern senator, and cast himself only in exterior forms as a Texan from the last frontier. It did not quite take and there was a danger that he would become as obsolete as, perhaps, Speaker

Rayburn was becoming in his last years.

Yet his managerial talents, his skill as an "undertaker" (in the Elizabethan sense) were as great as ever, and when they seemed to slip, as the authors suggest they did in the encouragement given to General Gavin to testify against the accepted wisdom of the military, Senator Johnson was revealing his genuine dislike of, and lack of faith in, "the brass". It was not an intrinsically foolish attitude, whatever may have been its tactical drawbacks—and it is perhaps only rough justice that some intelligent Americans now want to use General Gavin to unhorse President Johnson, who has, they think, surrendered ignominiously and disastrously to the military.

In the same way, many of the most savage enemies of President Johnson are Democrats who regard him as betraying the promise of the New Frontier, spending billions in Vietnam that are desperately needed in urban America—and in a large part of rural Texas. Yet, as Mr. Richard Rovere has very recently pointed out, in domestic achievement the record of President Johnson is far more impressive than what John Kennedy or Harry Truman managed to squeeze or coax out of Congress. If President Johnson has betrayed the promises of 1964, it is not by any disavowal of the welfare state; it is by the breach of contract which, as his enemies see it, he made with the electorate, not to preach or practise the foreign policy of Senator (and Major-General) Goldwater. It was only a few months after the election that Art Buchwald, the Mr. Dooley of modern America, reported that he had had a terrible nightmare, that "Goldwater had been elected and that we were bombing North Vietnam".

That this is the basis of the present distrust of the President is undoubted. For good or ill, inevitably or by choice, President Johnson in 1967 seems fairly remote from the candidate of 1964. The bland term "credibility gap" is now terribly inadequate to describe the distrust with which the White House is regarded. It was a tolerable joke when Robert Dell, in prewar Paris, used to announce "it must be true, the Quai d'Orsay has denied it". The public protests about the unreliability of presidential asseverations are as nothing to the anger felt by not congenitally hostile newspapers. It is, of course, not altogether a new phenomenon. As Mr. Rovere has pointed out, all presidents have to be economical of truth. The Kennedy administration admittedly "managed" the news, and did not Lincoln give a highly devious and deceiving answer to passionate liberators when he had already decided to issue the Emancipation Proclamation? It is only in the British House of Commons that a deliberate deception of the House is almost unknown and unforgivable.

Again the Texas background hurt. There were irritating confusions. Why have two Yarbroughs for instance? And much was forgiven to "the Irish Mafia", or even to the "Honoured Society" itself, that was not forgiven to what were thought to be the necessarily devious ways of Texas politics, and people talked and wrote as if "wheeling and dealing" was unknown outside Texas. But, and here our authors are very penetrating, the tolerance given to the Texas way of "cutting your ethical corners fine" in a Senator was not given to a President.

It was not only that reports of the less than polished manners of the new President circulated so fast and so far. The President could not handle big groups as well as he handled small (nor could he select the people to whom he had now to apply the famous "treatment"). In the first months after his accidental access to power, President Johnson behaved like an unreformed Prince Hal. There was too much "expensive" of a bad kind. "There must be greater, and not less, exposure of Johnson to the public but in carefully planned and more attractive ways than the beer-sipping, fast-driving image of the 'Easter weekend'". So Mr. Evans and Mr. Novak describe the new policy. Up to a point the new policy worked and Mr. Evans and Mr. Novak show how and to what degree it succeeded. But there

were and will be some relapses and they will be noted in an increasingly hostile Washington. Between the White House and the Capitol the gap is now more like the Grand Canyon than South Pass.

But it must be said—and should be said—that few Presidents have suffered more malignant slander than has President Johnson; few families have been victims of more snide comments than the Johnson family. The campaign of 1964 as it was run by the allies of Senator Goldwater in the South, the Middle West and in the Birch country of California was odiously malignant. And some of the stories circulating now, by word of mouth would have seemed too shocking to Suetonius or Procopius.

That the President of the United States should be so distrusted, be so savagely criticized (especially in his own party) is a serious matter for the world, for no American institution can replace the presidency in the public heart (this is more important than its power over the public mind). That the President should resent his fall from popular grace is natural; that he should refuse to blame himself, and see himself as a victim of injustice, most of it inflicted on him by people who he thinks should know better and therefore do know better, is embittering. That the Kennedy myth is still so powerful is intolerable. For as Theodore White, aptly quoted here, has written, President Johnson knows that it was the Kennedys who opened the White House to him, for he could never have made it on his own. (President Johnson might well retort that it was the strength that he brought to the Democratic

ticket in 1960 that put both John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Lyndon Baines Johnson into the White House.) But even in the first few months of his administration, in his home town of Austin, the drug stores had ten pictures of statues or relics of the dead President for one of the living. And Mr. Rovere has told us that the Washington merchants of political *bondholders* discovered that there was no market for the images of the living in a city still obsessed, at the popular level, with the dead. *Star night mounts umbra*.

Mr. Evans and Mr. Novak are not Rhadamanthine judges weighing good and ill in divine balances. They have more sympathy and understanding than have many more officially profound analysts of the American political structure and of its head. It may be that the American constitution is obsolete, that it makes the task of government impossible in the modern world, that it has the disadvantages of monarchy without its permanence. But we have to live at a time in which the working of the American system is of importance to the whole world and the presumably almost perfect running of our matters less and less. However we may regret and resent this, we should not take refuge in our effortless superiority but try to study the rulers of our world as Polybius did. For if we are to be the Greeks to the American Romans, we had better imitate Polybius than the sophists and rhetors who found a market in Rome, but did not change the mind of Caesar.

And our Caesar (for we are an equivalent of the "allies of the Roman people"), has been trained in

the dark and bloody ground of Texas politics. *Macbird* is a vulgar and not very literate satire, not comparable for wit or for precision to *Mrs. Wilcox's Diary*. But there is the air of Dunstons and the corridors of power in which the American Caesar moved and had his being before his present high eminence, something of the Roman lesser mortals—are asking: Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed?

That he is grown so great? And most answers are unfriendly. For if President Johnson's mentor and patron, Franklin D. Roosevelt, was much hated, he was much loved. President Johnson is hated but not loved. Mr. Sorensen has told us, very recently, that we should look at the problem devote less time to recrimination, to imputing ill-faith, to convicting America's rulers—or ruler—of high crimes and misdemeanours. It is advice easier given than taken and many eminent Americans, an increasing number of them, refuse and refuse to take it. In a disastrous sense, "the medium is the message" and dislike of the medium prevents any judicious assessment of the message. *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner* is a message of dubious wisdom, but *tout comprendre* is an essential beginning. For a beginning of understanding and even for a beginning of justice to a much harassed and, possibly, basically bewildered man, this book is required reading and is likely to be of permanent as well as of highly topical usefulness.

SIDGWICK & JACKSON

From our Autumn List

THOMAS CROWE (Editor)
Gathering Moss

A memoir of Owen Tweedy
Foreword by

CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH

Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith says: "Owen Tweedy was a remarkable man". His immense knowledge and understanding of both Arts and Letters resulted from service as a Jew in the staff, as Press Officer for the Palestine Government, as Principal Information Officer Middle East, and as correspondent for *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Financial Times*. His letters and diaries give a candid comment made at the time on events and personalities involved in Middle East politics during the long period from 1918 to 1949.

GRAHAM and ALEXANDER

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Illustrated

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Z. A. GRABOWSKI

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Softcover

Fiction

OUTLAW

NORMAN LEWIS: *Every Man's Brother*. 250pp. Heinemann. 25s.

Moving subterraneously through Norman Lewis's *Every Man's Brother* are the serious and related themes of crime and individual responsibility, external reality and the problems it raises. In spite of its occasionally portentous tone and the liberal sprinklings of psychological and medical terminology, the book is no more than a fairly good novel with an unusual setting.

When Bron is released from gaol he joins his elder brother, Evan, on a small farm in a bleak part of South Wales where murder for profit is almost a local industry. Evan has a young wife who is ravished by Bron in one of his fits of absent-minded violence, though she minds much less than her husband who has unfortunately witnessed the climax of the event. Evan disappears, and Bron is suspected of his murder. A series of coincidences and some false clues build up a formidable case against Bron. Although the body of his alleged victim has not been found he is sent back in chains to prison this time but a criminal lunatic asylum where, it seems, he must spend the rest of his life. The end is predictable, vaguely and unconvincingly optimistic for Bron's future.

Some of the writing is good, particularly the impressions from inside Bron's sick mind when the reader is drawn uneasily into a strange, disorientated yet not unreal world, but the dialogue, surprisingly from such a practised professional author, is wildly off target. Here is the voice of a Welshman, a convict and a hard case talking about a prison doctor: "Not a bad sort of chap, I thought," Bron said. "More human than one usually finds them."

LEY! What—what?

CASEBOOK

JOHN DENZER: *Eclipse*. 313pp. Collins. 21s.

Denzer is a perfunctory intractable subject for fiction. By its very nature it is itself, in a sense, a fiction, a manipulation and a re-creating of external reality, gone out of control. Any exact description must usually be subjective and full of special pleading, and that is just what *Eclipse* is. It is, one suspects, a thinly disguised case-study. Arnie Denzer is a nineteen-year-old New York Jewish boy who joins the Army, catches pneumonia and then suffers a schizophrenic "episode".

Incarceration in a brutal Army mental ward makes him violent. Every stage of his illness and treatment, all his dreams and fantasies are described in minute detail, from the time of his breakdown to his final recovery and self-understanding under the guidance of a wise psychiatrist in a New York hospital.

The author presents a powerful but unconvincing argument for universal psychological analysis under some kind of bonds of convention and moral order, where everyone is a little bit mad, where everyone is a little bit mad.

Dr. Lawsky defines his whole business as finding definitions for reality.

He has just become confident in his own reality, he is about to take the first step into the frightening world, the world of the comfortable relationship between the real and the unreal. We never see the world, we only see the world as it is, we only see the world as it is, we only see the world as it is.

Mr. Glanville insinuates himself nently into the skin of this slick, smart-alecky good-looker, and the unifying tale of his lewdness and boozings, his soft options and casual manner that displays the writer's brisk professional competence. Geoff and the awful world he inhabits are held up close under your

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Economics

ESSAYS IN EXPANSIONISM

SIR ROY HARROD: *Towards a new Economic Policy*. 70pp. Manchester University Press. 10s. 6d.

Among the British economists of this century there have been a few giants: Marshall of course, Pigou certainly, Keynes preeminently, and others, like Joan Robinson. For some reason, among the rest, Sir Roy Harrod, though without doubt the most distinguished economist writing at Oxford since Edgeworth, has never seemed to be as famous as the other four. He has written much, done a great deal, but his reputation has never quite matched his achievement. This is desperately unfair, because his work has been of a kind that entitles him to a major status as an originator of ideas and an acute analyst of the economic scene. Never, for him, the conventional wisdom—which is why, perhaps, more conventional minds have been listening to when they were patently musing rubbish over the other, as the iceberg loomed up ahead of them.

Like Professor Joan Robinson's *Economics—An Awkward Corner*, Sir Roy's new book begins with a general view of the nature of economics. He ascribes far more importance to Alfred Marshall's definition of the subject than that which has been fashionable in some circles since Robbins published his *Essay on the Nature and Significance of Economic Science* nearly forty years ago. Keynes argued in his memoir of Marshall that the complexity of economic affairs requires a very special kind of trained intelligence. As Sir Roy himself says, "It may be that the good economist distinguishes himself from the less good economist more by his choice of relevant assumptions than by his chain of reasoning from the assumptions".

It may well be that the brevity of the economics training in the P.P.E. degree at Oxford has led a number of people who call themselves economists, particularly those writing in the business sections of the heavier newspapers, to believe that economics is a science capable of giving results with more precision than it in fact can. Certainly, had they thoroughly understood what Sir Roy had to tell them their views might not be so cocksure: Sir Roy, characteristically, is far more tentative, and far more eloquent for that reason. His argument is that, as demand expands, prices tend to fall rather than to rise, except in the unusual case of excess demand; and the converse of this is that when demand falls prices rise, mainly because decreasing costs are more prevalent in the short period than increasing costs. (This, of course, is what has happened since Sir Roy delivered the lectures, in the case of electricity.)

He also argues that the higher the level of demand, the more rapid technical progress is likely to be, and he assigns this technical progress chiefly to the availability of trained skills. He writes:

If one was under the necessity of singling out one particular element contributing to technical progress, I would rather choose the number of trained engineers. I believe that the frequent neglect of capital for separate treatment as a factor of increase is a hangover from classroom conven-

ience. In expounding, say, the Pareto optimum in static theory.

It follows, therefore, that the short-term economic strategy which has prevailed over the past three years and more, and especially over the past year, is mistaken. Sir Roy argues that the continuous dampening down of demand has diminished the tendency to introduce cost-reducing innovations, and in particular he is doubly suspicious of the tendency to base most of the programmes for improving our economic performance upon an increase in the capital stock. He takes the view that the quality rather than the quantity of investment is much more relevant, and that the continuous tendency to deflation which modern economic policy has imposed upon the country causes a wage and price inflation and misdirection of investment.

Much of this coincides (roughly) with the views held by those who advised Mr. Maundling and who thought they were going to advise the Labour Government in its early days of office; but, as Sir Roy points out, the real reason for the abandonment of any policy of strength through expansion is the problem of the balance of payments, on which the consensus was less strong. He attributes the greater part of the British problem not to the failure of exports, which he points out have increased from 10 per cent of the national income in 1938 to nearly 17 per cent in 1965, but to the fact that imports have remained a constant percentage of nearly 18 per cent, and this consistency of the imports percentage of the national income has masked a dramatic switch from food (which previously formed nearly half the total of imports but now accounts for less than one-third) to manufactures (which have risen from a quarter to two-fifths of the total). Sir Roy has always been an advocate of import controls, which he would have relaxed gradually after 1955 when convertibility was restored de facto, until the economy was sufficiently strong to stand free trade.

It will be recalled that Professor Robinson attributed many, if not all, of our troubles to a similar analysis, but she included in her analysis the great rise in British Government expenditure (a rise which, of course, occurred because the British now have to pay for the foreign policy that was formerly sustained by the Indian Army), and she also attributes great importance to capital movements, both short and long term. Sir Roy takes the view that the United Kingdom has consistently exaggerated the significance of its deficits in the balance of payments, because it has been over-alarmed about running out of credit. He says:

My main theme now is that the "powers that be" are far too narrowly in their outlook, in relation to the desirability of a quick adjustment, when a deficit occurs. The deficits here shown, which have given rise to so much international discussion and pressure upon this country, do not seem very formidable. An average deficit of 5 per cent, running for 5 years, is something that clearly calls for adjustment sooner or later. We have promised to get our balance straight in 1967 and will doubtless do so. Yet the hurry seems rather

out of proportion, especially if it causes us serious inconveniences and hardship for many individuals.

This is an important point and one which has been far too little emphasized: so has Sir Roy's point that our deficits, together with those of the United States, form the basis of much international liquidity. He discusses the international liquidity system with insight and lucidity, and is suspicious of most of the plans for settling international financial problems along the lines recently discussed and partly adopted by the Group of Ten.

He takes a cautious view of the prospects of a fundamental revision of the international banking system on an expansionist basis, and it is in this context that he discusses British economic policy. Here he favours import controls and a substantial expansion of demand, and in order to restrain price increases he favours an attempt to strengthen the incomes policy. He is more optimistic about an incomes policy than many economists. He suggests that the incomes policy should be at the very centre of the picture. He does not believe, with the sceptics, that after the freeze period is over there will be helterskelter increases in wages, everyone succeeding in regaining the ground lost during the freeze. He writes:

After all the discussions and negotiations and explanations and deeper understanding of the needs of the economy that have been part and parcel of the present experiment, I do not believe that things will ever be quite the same again. We may well be in the process of opening a new chapter of history.

If all this fails, Sir Roy favours devaluation, or at least an adjustable foreign exchange rate, as he more moderately puts it.

He shares with some other economists a deep suspicion that the possibility of joining the Common Market will make things worse rather than better. Thus:

There is the danger that unless a very radical reconstruction of the Treaty of Rome can be arranged in our favour, we might by joining the Common Market find that we have bound ourselves in perpetuity to adhering to the kinds of policies that have been hampering our development so much in recent years. Adherence to the Treaty of Rome would impose a heavy burden on our balance of payments. Although there is every prospect of getting our balance straight next year under the influence of deflation, we have not yet the sure prospect of keeping it straight in combination with a full growth policy, except by adopting some new measure. There is little belief in the Common Market countries in our incomes policy, and union with the Common Market, if free migration were allowed, might even cause it to break down, as it did in the case of Holland some years ago. Although certain merchant bankers and business men here seem to see advantage in joining, I believe that economists, on the whole, are sceptical of this and much doubt if the alleged advantages of large scale production would offset the loss on our balance of payments.

It will thus be seen that Sir Roy is an expansionist, though of a subtle kind, and these lectures are of great importance for an understanding of the difficulties in which the country now finds itself.

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MUFFLED MAJESTY

By Dan Jacobson

DO NOT SAY IT, SHOW IT! During my last spell as a teacher in the United States I heard many students of literature "creative writing" intoning this again as if it were the beginning and end of critical wisdom. However, in the creative writing meaning they gave it was a rather special one. As creative writers they were not, as aspirant writers they were, and they found it difficult to believe that the novelist could now successfully "show" anything if his novel did not make its obeisances to some or all of a set of rather familiar, over-used critical demands and formulations. For example... Consistency of point of view. Unity of action. The use of a determining intelligence, or group of intelligences. The mediation of all action through one character or another. The scenic or dramatic rendering of effects. ("Dramatize, dramatize," "Henry James.") Recurring symbolism. Aesthetic autonomy. Personality. ("The artist, like the god of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his work, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails—James Joyce.) What such demands persistently move towards is a condition in which everything, when a particular novel should be "organic," as possible in appearance, complete, self-generating, coherent. It follows that what we ordinarily think of as narrative, the voice of the story-teller, the presence within the novel of an omniscient knower whose task it is to tell us what he knows, has come to be regarded as inherently un-aesthetic and inartistic. It is precisely the creation of such a presence in writers as to avoid; and that readers are to regard as a way of "showing" merely, and hence as a lack of failure, when they encounter

to be the two artists most responsible, if any individuals are, for the state the novel is in today: for some of its current confusions, sterilities, and self-contradictions. By now one doesn't need to have studied their works to have come under their influence. It has spread so widely, and through so many indirect channels. Their aims and ambitions as writers were obviously immensely dissimilar. This makes it all the more remarkable that they should have moved steadily in precept and practice, towards novels which in an essential respect have so much in common.

The one innovation in technique which everyone associates with the name of James Joyce is, of course, "the stream of consciousness" (a phrase he did not himself invent and should not be held accountable for). "I try to give the unspoken, unacted thoughts of people in the way they occur," said Joyce, in explaining the technique. But it has been pointed out before now that it is impossible to give in words the unspoken, unacted thoughts of people in the way they occur, if only because so many of our "thoughts" are simply not verbal. What Joyce did, in effect, was to try to find a verbal equivalent for the processes of consciousness, a translation of them: a new convention, in short, through which he could represent them.

But the influence of the stream of consciousness is something much more important and pervasive than these solemn paragraphs composed of fragmentary sentences which we find in so many novels of the 1930s, and in fewer thereafter. The stream of consciousness, by its nature, contributed greatly to the development in modern fiction whereby all actions, all facts, the world itself, are permitted to exist in a novel only so far as they exist within the mind of a given protagonist, and never as an independent, artistically created reality beyond him. In Joyce's own career

the development reached its fullest expression in *Finnegans Wake*, which can be described as the novel of a determining central un-consciousness in which nothing takes place outside that unconsciousness, and which ends as it begins, in a kind of final, self-enclosed, self-referring circle.

The nature of Henry James's relation to this development can be suggested by quoting just one passage from his Preface to *The Golden Bowl*. My instinct appears repeatedly to have been that to arrive at the facts related and the figures introduced by the given help of some other conscious and confessed agent is essentially to find the whole business—that is, as I say, its effect—wholly un-interesting. Anything, in short, I now reflect, must always have seemed to me better—better for the process and effect of representation, my irrepressible ideal—than the mere muffled majesty of irresponsible "authorship" (My italics.)

Thus, asserting the desirability of the author always having his "agent" of consciousness within the novel, James dismisses his direct narrative participation in it as "muffled" and "irresponsible". There is no reason for us to dispute the account that James gives of one of the most fundamental tendencies of his entire oeuvre; we can, by and large, take his word for what he was about. But even in his later phase James was not able to carry out his programme to the letter: the commentator and narrator never entirely disappear from his work. Again, if we read *Ulysses* with an open mind, we can see that Joyce was far from being able to achieve the state of pure, self-supporting, aesthetic stasis that his theories might seem to demand.

My own belief is that the novel cannot survive without what James calls "authorship". Pure James, the history of the novel from Jane Austen to D. H. Lawrence, or from Pushkin to Pasternak, shows that "authorship", the narrative presence, can be as dramatic, as self-justifying in aesthetic or moral terms, as capable of achieving the kind of impersonality which matters most, as any other of the necessary modes of fiction.

By contrast, our compulsion to have all fact and action in the novel "mediated" through character has lumbered us with a set of conventions that seem to have utterly exhausted their utility and expressiveness. So far from aiding the process and effect of representation, these conventions now seem to come clumsily and obtrusively between our selves and what is represented; they limit severely the nature of what it is possible to represent. From Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* to Saul Bellow's *Herzog* we have a large number of novels by serious and gifted writers which testify to the intensity of the embarrassment that is felt at the mere prospect of "authorship". Flashbacks which don't "flash" at all, but instead plod inexorably and implausibly in and out of the action (for it is always the character in mid-stream who has to remember, and never the author who can straightforwardly narrate, what has happened in the past); a worked-up zaniness of tone that can be presented without the author having to do anything much to justify it; a heavy reliance on fests of ventriloquism of one kind or another—these are just a few of the consequences of the narrative modes in which too many novels today are caught fast. They are a high price to pay for an apparent gain in technical consistency, or for obeying what appears to be the logic of formal development.

I am not suggesting that, having been misled by two great novelists, Joyce and James, their successors have persisted in error out of perversity, or idleness, or lack of competence; and that all they need to do is to go back to the ways of their great-grandfathers and all will be well. It's true that we shouldn't underestimate the influence of mere fashion; particularly at a time when eminent critics, professors, editors, and writers display an extraordinary, stark terror at the thought of being left behind by the slightest shift in intellectual and literary vogue. But it is obvious that the development that I have sketched out is evidence of changes in society and sensibility of a major order.

What appears to have afflicted the novel is some kind of epistemological crisis. Who knows what? Who is entitled to know what? How can it be known? How does the act of cognition affect what is known? It is as if the novelist has been overwhelmed by questions of this kind, and has attempted to answer them by adopting a form of extreme subjectivism. The belief that it is possible to give a picture of a real, externally existing world has been abandoned; and instead the novelist contents himself with reproducing all he can be certain of: the interior of a mind.

The narrative presence—James's "authorship"—has always been associated with a world external to the characters and yet knowable by them, open to their understanding, subject to their penetration. Indeed, one can say that it was precisely the narrative presence, the voice of the story-teller, that had the task of creating such a world for the characters to move in. Now, it seems, the task has been given up. The idea of a comprehensible world is simply too remote or unlikely to inspire a sufficient degree of artistic faith on the part of our writers. They will certainly not regain it as a result of exhortation or reproach.

A view somewhat similar to this has been put forward in an essay by Mary McCarthy which deals with some of the issues I have raised here, though from a different point of approach. "The novel," she writes, "with its common sense, is of all forms the least adapted to encompass the modern world whose leading characteristic is irrationality. And that, so far as I can understand, is why the novel is dying. . . . We know that the real world exists, but we cannot imagine it."

But perhaps we can get the whole problem into slightly better perspective if we remember two things. Firstly, the novel of totally mediated action has, in a sense, been with us as long as we have had novels: I am not thinking only of first-person narratives, which are a somewhat special case, but also of the epistolary fictions of the eighteenth century like *Clarissa Harlowe* or *Les Liaisons dangereuses*. Secondly, and more importantly, whatever its function might be, the narrative presence within a novel is not ultimately more objective, any less individual to the writer, less his creation, than anything else in his book. (In fact, if we look again at the quotation from James we can see that one of the reasons why he rejects "authorship" is that it seems to him too personal, too private, insufficiently available to others, to be effective artistically.) It may seem odd comfort to say that if we are condemned to solipsism so, in the end, was Tolstoy or Flaubert, or Mann or Lawrence; but this is no more than the literal truth. The only sanction or justification they had for the worlds they created for their characters to move in was their own individual visions of reality; and those worlds exist for us today only so far as the writers were able to make them imaginatively persuasive in their books.

The argument cuts both ways. Irrespective of whether or not we use intermediaries through which to tell his story, the novelist cannot finally shift from himself the burden of pretending to know more than his own mind, if he is to continue writing novels of any kind whatsoever.

For quite apart from the problems writers may have, we simply cannot expect the readers whose tastes and judgments matter most to go on reading novels out of a piety to the idea of the form out of a general recollection that that is where creativity is supposed to dwell. If we cannot imagine ourselves either, we finally cease to have selves into which we can retreat, or even to be selves. Instead, one can perhaps say that we become personalities merely; and of these we have a plethora, inside and outside our books. Whereas when we go back and read writers like Lawrence and Mann, who spoke openly within their work, telling us what they had imagined of a world much like our own, we recognize the author's voice to be as meaningful an assertion of selfhood, of being in the world, as it is possible to make.

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Art

CONSTABLE'S WORLD

R. B. BECKETT (Editor): *John Constable's Correspondence II and V*. 481pp. and 229pp. Suffolk Records Society. 30s. each volume.

During its progress, which cannot be called anything but majestic, the collected correspondence of John Constable has established its editor among those most eminent in that role, such as Birkbeck Hill with Boswell, and Wilkins with Sir Thomas Browne. Lucid and judicious notes and a needed commentary make it a single volume entirely readable on its own; yet as one succeeds another Constable, together with his world, becomes ever the more alive.

Volumes IV and V differ a little in plan from their predecessors. Those were each devoted to a particular circle in Constable's life: to his family, to his wife and to his friend and biographer C. R. Leslie. The two volumes considered here each divided into four parts, and in each the last part is the most important. Volume IV deals first with patrons. There was, early, his immensely rich maternal uncle D. P. Watts. He lectured Constable, not always wrongly, on art and life. Like almost every contemporary, he considered Constable's paintings to be carelessly unfinished; yet he admired his nephew's work. Other patrons of importance were members of the Tollemache family: much of the work which they commissioned from him was the painting and copying of portraits, although they also bought some landscapes.

Notable among patrons was John Allnutt, the first stranger to pay in full for a landscape. Some years later Allnutt was told by Constable that this had made him a painter, for the selling of a picture to a stranger confirmed him in the vocation which his intimates had thought would prove unsuccessful. Mr. Benyon-De Beauvoir commissioned him to paint his country place, Englefield House, near Reading. At the patron's request,

dear were substituted for plebeian crows; but he was never satisfied. Grudgingly he paid the agreed price, and gave the picture to a relative. Not until this century, after wandering through the family, did the painting arrive in the end at Englefield.

A section is concerned with dealers. Historically most important are the French, who arranged for Constable's pictures to be shown in Paris and Lille. At once he was more justly esteemed in France than ever during his lifetime in England. At home it was always being said that his work was unfinished; always we seem to be hearing Thornton's comment on Blake's woodcuts, that they displayed less of art than of genius. The French knew better. In Paris his pictures were at first hung high, to display their general effect; soon they were understood and were lowered so that the brilliance of execution could be seen. Delacroix, having looked at Constable's work, repainted his "Massacre of Scio". Though pedantry may dispute it, modern French painting was born when Constable was exhibited in Paris.

The third part of Volume IV deals with contemporary painters, and all Constable's ventures before he became at last a full R.A. The final and most important section contains his correspondence with David Lucas the mezzotintist. Rarely can there have been so marvellous a collaboration in art. Lucas's mezzotints are far more than skillful reproductions. Constable, during the engraving, would alter his compositions and dictate to Lucas with touched-up proofs. The results are not limitations of paintings but fresh, new works. Lucas's mezzotints are authentic Constables. The publication of them, Constable's own project, was financially unsuccessful and, together with his exacting standards, caused him

immense worries. Their correspondence illuminates Constable's artistic spirit and his scrupulous regard for art. We can almost understand how he built up his paintings and we can perceive his miraculous visual memory of the outward world. On occasions a quick temper is revealed, followed by generous remorse. Lucas understood him and took the rebukes with placid dignity.

In Volume V there is correspondence with amateur artists, literary characters and other friends. More substantial is the final section of the correspondence with his children and with their tutor, Charles Boner, who entirely devoted himself to Constable. In the letters from friends we find Constable reflected in the admiration—and sometimes exasperation—of acquaintances. In his own letters are many revealing flashes:

I have got my picture into a very beautiful state. I have kept my brightness without my spotiness, and I have preserved God Almighty's daylight. . . . Turner has outdone himself: he seems to paint with tinted steam.

In the family, Constable appears as a devoted father who evidently spoiled his offspring. He disliked sending any of his children away to school. When one of them hopelessly damaged a painted canvas, he said: "Oh! my dear pet! See what you have done! Dear, dear! What shall we do to mend it? I can't think—can you?" He tells in a letter how little Alfred, trying to make a boat, cut his finger twice: "then he cried—and wiping his eyes with his pinafore said, 'Now I see that I am too young to make a boat'".

Writing to a daughter, he introduces solemn words, marked with asterisks to indicate that they should be looked up in a dictionary—"they will be useful and not fine words". Sometimes the artist we know speaks: "What a fine season, the birds are singing, the rooks busy, the meadows green, and the water and skies blue."

Mr. Beckett says in one place "the present compilation is intended for the use of students rather than for general reading". The implication is too modest. With his arrangement, with his rich and scholarly annotations, he is building up an extraordinary completeness a vivid picture of Constable and the world he lived in.

ANIMAL ART

KARL JETTMAR: *Art of the Steppes*. Methuen, £3 3s.

The animal art of Eurasia's nomadic communities is exercising an increasing fascination over British readers. The most obvious reason, as those who have had the good fortune to admire examples of the art in the gold room in the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad will readily agree, is its extraordinary vitality and beauty. In the volume under review the author sets out to provide a succinct account of those nomadic communities which, either when living side by side in different sections of the Eurasian steppe or succeeding each other in movements across it, made their own contribution to the animal style which their forebears had fully mastered towards the end of the first half of the first millennium B.C. The style continued to exist right down to the early centuries of the present era. Many nomads were involved in fashioning it, and it is largely because of their inventive genius, manual skill and curious, vivid imagination that these primitive, barbarous and illiterate people continue to interest and appeal to our imagination.

The author opens his account with a reference to the birth in 1715 of a son to Tsar Peter the Great of Russia. As the event called for nationwide celebrations gifts poured into the palace from all parts of the country. They included one sent from eastern Russia by Nikita Demidov, a serf's son, who made an immense fortune for himself there as an industrialist. It consisted of some gold plaques adorned with animal designs the like of which had never before been seen. They created an interest in Siberian art which, though varying in intensity, never wholly died out, for time and again the discovery of new plaques revived it.

The author of this book is a leading specialist in this branch of art. He has not confined his survey to the Siberian form of the style displayed in the Demidov plaques but has extended it to embrace the art as a whole. He deals with the south Russian Scythian and Sarmatian schools and also with those which evolved in the east, in the Minusinsk Basin on the reaches of the Yenisei river, in the Altai, Ordos and Tuva regions as well as in the Caucasus, regardless of whether the art was practised by Siberian tribesmen sharing the cultures we associate with the Scythians and Sarmatians, or by people such as the Hsiung-Hsi and the Sakas or by the Scythians and

Sarmatians themselves. In each case he provides an outline of the archaeological explorations which have been carried out in these regions as well as a summary of the known history, customs and way of life of each community, combining it with an account of their art and of its development and idiosyncrasies.

He uses archaeological evidence to testify to their relationship with the outer world as well as with immediate neighbours, and he incorporates outlines of the theories held by modern pioneers in the field as Rostovtzev and Tallgren. He then assesses their earlier views in the light of recent discoveries and researches, and where necessary adjusts the earlier conclusions to those put forward by such eminent Soviet archaeologists and scholars as Kiselev, Griaznov and Rudenko. He gives his own opinion in the last chapter; these are of particular interest when dealing with the question of the style's origin and the extent and duration of its influence in various regions of the eastern and western cultural worlds.

The volume thus presents the reader with a more embracing survey than can be found elsewhere, for it deals in the round with the art as a whole instead of probing in depth into that of a specific group or feature of it as most recent books of the subject do. The text is lucid and readable and has been well translated from the earlier French edition. The data is presented with such clarity that the complexities of the subject tend to pass unrecognized. Scholarly maps, bibliographies, a chronology and an index will prove useful aids to the specialist and to the amateur. The fifty-four colour plates, skilfully supplemented by 141 text illustrations, give a faithful picture of the compelling and astonishing school of art.

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LAURENCE IRVING: *The Successors*.

It was not to be expected that Mr. Laurence Irving would produce another theatre book about his family, but this one would weigh equally in the scale with his massive and consummate *Lyceum* the great master, published some sixteen years ago and one of the best theatrical biographies ever written. *The Successors* is, rather, a study of that splendid column, strength for that splendid column, of our own century.

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DEWIS BLAKELOCK: *Round the Next Corner*. Foreword by Paul Scofield. 190pp. Gollancz. 32s.

Six months after Queen Victoria paid her Albert, Denis Blakelock came into the world to distinguish the neo-Georgian style and to inspire young neo-Elizabethan players in his art. Two fairies attended his birth. A good fairy gave him an exceptional talent for mime and elocution, and the intellectual aptitude of an actor in his generation. A bad fairy, as though to spite his colleague, afflicted him with a congenital and psychological handicap that would have disgraced a man of less character. For attempting the stage. In his other books, particularly in his *Portrait of Eleanor Farjeon*, Mr. Blakelock hints at these disabilities. He relaxes utterly as though releasing his repressions to an utter and complete analyst. Readers will find from this book a sympathy and understanding of the man that will enhance their admiration for the actor.

For over a potential actor as bright as the sunset by panic clustrophobia or by an instinct (common enough in ordinary folk) to avoid commitment by evasive withdrawal. It is remarkable that Mr. Blakelock has come to terms with this dilemma. He describes the traps (as he saw them) that he and his confessions will be kept to by many fellow sufferers today. For it was in the faith to which he was an ardent convert that he found the strength to fulfil himself in the profession of his choice in spite of these afflictions. "You are a comedian, aren't you?" he was asked by Dame Sybil Thorndike, C. of E. a comrade of claret might. He was a devotee of cognac. He is a devotee of the power of spiritual release. "You are a comedian, aren't you?" he was asked by Dame Sybil Thorndike, C. of E. a comrade of claret might. He was a devotee of cognac. He is a devotee of the power of spiritual release.

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ACT TWO

295pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. £1 15s.

reason for its success: letters, diaries, personal recollections, family records provide biographical treasures such as few authors have ever been able to draw upon, and judicious and economical use has been made of the published record. Given such advantages, a study of this nature could hardly have been other than interesting, but Mr. Irving has marshalled his matter with the insight of his own involvement in the family chronicle and with a high degree of literary art. The first reading, perhaps, suffers from the comprehensiveness of the treatment, from the very thoroughness with which the basic situation has been explored, but the book comes better, as all good books do, from the second, when the reader has the whole plan clearly in his head and can marvel both at the discrimination and craftsmanship that have gone to its making and at his own good fortune in having such fine evidence of the past presented to him.

The Successors will be valued in many ways. It is a charming, even an enthralling love story, but it is also a wonderfully perceptive study of youth. The tracing of the factors which governed the development of the characters and abilities of H. B. and Laurence Irving, from infancy,

through school days, university and travel, to their establishment in the working world, is masterly; so is the treatment of Dorothea Baird. The book contains, too, much wise and keenly informed writing on the art of the theatre, which player and player alike must relish; here, again, the author's own theatrical work has given special understanding. It may, nevertheless, be most highly prized in the end for its revelation of the society in which its characters played such individual and yet such typical parts. Mr. Irving opens a whole world of experience to his readers and he will inevitably be pressed to carry on the story in another volume.

The present book ends with the date of his birth in 1897. Great days for the Irving dynasty still lay ahead: H.B.'s continuation of the Lyceum style, and his advance as an exponent of romantic tragedy, with a final flash of comic triumph, and Laurence's pioneer work for a more poetic and a more worthwhile kind of modern play. The knowledge and sympathy Mr. Laurence Irving could bring to the latter-day story would do much to vindicate the achievement of two artists to whom theatrical history has not yet done full justice.

THE SOURCES OF THE BOOK ARE ONE

ACTOR TUTOR

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PAGAN INTO CHRISTIAN

ANDRÉ GRABAR: *The Beginnings of Christian Art* 200-395. Translated by Stuart Gilbert and James Emmons. 326pp. Thames and Hudson. £8 8s.

In the volume under review, the first of two devoted to early Christian art, the period covered is from the years 200 to 395, when for most of the time the Christian religion was not officially recognized. The second volume, reviewed in the TLS on June 8, covers the age from Theodosius till the rise of Islam, which Professor Grabar regards as marking the end of Antiquity. The age as a whole was of great consequence in the story of Christian art, for it was first in the old and then in the new Rome that the art of Europe, as we know it first took form, developing almost imperceptibly from pagan prototypes.

The works that are dealt with in this volume include a few ivories, and some objects of metal and glass, and there is a section on architecture, but most of the text and illustrations are devoted to painting and sculpture. On the whole the paintings—many of them produced before official recognition of the new faith—are the more spontaneous and alive; the sculptures, mostly dating from after the Peace of the Church in 313, represent a more conservative, official and aristocratic type of art. The paintings were not always technically very expert, but they were sincere, expressive and often moving; the sculptures usually show much competence and a few are beautiful, but it must be admitted, in spite of Professor Grabar's sympathetic

treatment, that early Christian sculptures in the mass are well nigh as depressing as a gallery of the general run of Greek vases.

Professor Grabar's survey is thorough and comprehensive. He shows how pagan forms in architecture were adapted to the needs of the new faith, how pagan themes, like that of Orpheus, were transformed into Christian ones, and how the old conceptions of the after-life were altered to inspire the new art. At first the poorer converts were the patrons, then came the well-to-do, in increasing numbers, then the ecclesiastical authorities, and finally the emperors. As patronage widened, the art became more all-embracing, and new and more diverse influences were brought to bear. More stress might perhaps have been laid on those exercised by the mystery religions, notably Mithraism, but the author makes frequent allusion to the role exercised by Jewish art and to the importance of its figural iconography; hitherto this has hardly been recognized and it has often been held that early Jewish art was in the main non-representational. Such points will interest specialists; for the more general reader the thoroughness and authority of the text, and the mass of excellent illustrations will provide an admirable basis for studying the subsequent developments of Christian art in east and west.

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History

VOTES FOR VICTORIANS

J. R. VINCENT: *Pollbooks: How Victorians Voted*. 194pp. Cambridge University Press. £2 15s.ROBERT ROBSON (Editor): *Ideas and Institutions of Victorian Britain*. Essays in honour of George Kitson Clark. 343pp. Bell. £3 3s.

Palmerston, in a characteristic lightly-pondered quip, once expressed the hope that English politics would never become entangled in the affairs of journeyman bakers. Mr. J. R. Vincent, who has already made a distinguished contribution to our understanding of Victorian politics in his study of the formation of the Liberal Party, carries us now into the company of what Palmerston, and indeed all the Victorian bourgeoisie would have called, with a curl of the lip, "tradespeople". Browning in his poem "Shop", drew a picture for us of these outcasts enjoying a broader life than their customers supposed, and introduced us to a poetic baker, a painting butcher and a chanting candle-stick maker.

Mr. John Vincent, like Browning, rescues tradesmen from the drudgery of counter and till and shows them holding the political fortunes of the nation in their hands. Some of his discoveries are fascinating. Butchers were Tory and grocers, rather unexpectedly, were consistently Liberal or Whig. But how far it is possible to square these generalizations with Mr. Vincent's opinion that the votes of such people were swayed by the social status of their customers is difficult to decide. Are we to believe that Liberals did not love a lamb chop or that Tories never showed a taste for Demerara sugar?

Again, rather unexpectedly, barge-masters were Liberal while barges (toasts and all) were Tory. Clergymen of the Church of England were—as was only to be expected—monotonously Tory. At the 1841 election for East Norfolk, 191 of the clergy abstained—presumably they were pluralists or gout-afflicted rectors living at Bath—183 voted Tory and only a beggarly thirteen voted Liberal. Let us honour the three ministers (though no distinction in this case is possible between Anglican and nonconformist) who voted at Halifax for the Chartist Jones—

"mein lieber Jones" of Marx's letters. Organists followed the lead of their vicars and rectors and were monotonously Tory, though it is agreeable to notice that in Leicester and Ipswich they "struck one chord of music" for the Liberal Party. The Wesleyans, both ministers and flock, were always consistently Liberal and only in Aylesbury and the small Yorkshire village of Dent did they vote in a minority for that party.

All this information and much which is of greater weight has been extracted by Mr. Vincent from the surviving poll-books which were in use during public voting at the hustings and came to an end with the introduction of the secret ballot in 1872. The evidence can of course only be partial because many of these books have been lost or destroyed and the methods of recording the occupations of voters differ from constituency to constituency. (The Houses of Parliament Trust, with commendable foresight, recorded the existence of some 1,700 of these poll-books about fifteen years ago.) As in his previous book, Mr. Vincent gives his readers confidence because he never thrusts his beliefs or conclusions down their throats; he is always warning us of the incompleteness of his material and he does not trim or stretch his data to fit a particular theory. He would probably be the first to recognize that a closer knowledge of local conditions and of the actual contest and especially information about the candidates might modify even further some of his conclusions.

For example, poll-books exist for Beverley from 1830 to 1859 with one or two gaps. In the 1830 election there were two Whig candidates—Henry Burton, who is not identified by Mr. Vincent but was related to a former member for the borough who was a renowned serving officer, and Daniel Sykes, who is described by Mr. Vincent as an "iron-merchant" though his academic career, legal ex-

perience and territorial connexions were perhaps more in point. There was only one Tory candidate, Capel Cure, the High Sheriff for Essex. In the result Burton received 1,000 votes, Sykes 700 and Capel Cure 600. Now, however much we consort with Mr. Vincent's corwiners, watermen, sextons and gaulers we find no answer to the question why the two Whig votes were not—as was usual—virtually equal. From other sources we learn that half Burton's vote came from electors who voted for him and the Tory. Those 500 voters defy classification. Mr. Vincent makes it plain that corruption can confound all his conclusions and Beverley was perhaps the most venal constituency in the kingdom. Was it not described in a graceful aside by its most eminent candidate, Trollope, as "indulging in time-honoured practices"? Possibly historians sometimes forget that the result of an election is of greater moment than the deliberations which precede it and the chatter of explanation which too often follows it. In one of the fiercely contested elections for Westmorland Brougham treated the crowd, when the result was announced, to an elaborate explanation of it. Colonel Lowther, the victorious Tory, followed and uttered a single sentence "I point, gentlemen, to the poll".

Mr. Vincent's pioneer work among the poll-books is given its background in a collection of stimulating essays in honour of Mr. Kitson Clark, whose work in Victorian politics has been influential in Cambridge (as these essays by his admirers prove) and widely acclaimed outside. The editor, Mr. Robert Robson, gives a delightful concluding chapter on Trinity College and its emergence into pre-eminence in the age of Peel. Doing honour to Mr. Kitson Clark (a distinguished north-countryman) he properly reminds us how much the college owes to the Lancastrian Whewell, the Yorkshireman Sedgwick and the Lake District Wordsworth—men who brought some vigour and dash

into a rather languid southern com-

mon-room. Perhaps the most difficult of the essays—though not the least rewarding, because it is full of good things—is by Mr. D. C. Moore of the University of California. His chapter is concerned largely with the poll-books and how they came to be. He reminds us of a saying of Mr. Cornhill, who contributes to the book a treatise on the poll-book, that the poll-book is a "political influence"—an explanation he observes behind analysis. "Like many observers from beyond the Atlantic," he tells us, "the poll-book is a system in England. Can we really believe, as he tells us, that the 'primary concern' of Lord John Russell and those framing the Reform Bill of 1832 was 'to perpetuate the political pre-eminence of the landed interest and the hierarchical structure of English society'? Lord John always maintained that counties, boroughs and cities should be kept distinct, and it is believed that he favoured this for exactly the opposite reason to that advanced by Mr. Moore—namely that diversities of electing bodies should produce a diverse House of Commons. Nor would the opponents of the Bill at the time have agreed with Mr. Moore. Did not one of them say 'You are giving to the coalfield what you take from the barley-field'? There is surely here a distinction between motive and consequence. The consequence of the 1832 Bill may well have been what Mr. Moore suggests, but the motive of the framers of the Bill was different. These are Lord John's own words introducing the Bill:

You must show that you are determined not to be the representatives of a class or of a particular interest; but to form a body who representing the people, springing from the people and sympathizing with the people can take call on the people to support the burdens of the country and to struggle with the future difficulties which may have to encounter.

THE SCOTTISH ENLIGHTENMENT

Edinburgh in the Age of Reason. 67pp. Edinburgh University Press. 10s. 6d.

BARBARA L. HORN (Editor): *Letters of John Ramsay of Ochtertyre 1799-1812*. 346pp. Edinburgh: T. and A. Constable for Scottish Historical Society. Annual subscription £2 2s.

These two books are excellently complementary. *Edinburgh in the Age of Reason* is based on broadcasts to celebrate the bicentenary of the New Town of Edinburgh; it is published secondarily as an "acknowledgment of the second International Congress on the Enlightenment held at St. Andrew's University" in August 1967.

The New Town of Edinburgh was in many ways the most interesting and important of the great achievements of city planning of the eighteenth century. It has a more magnificent site than any of its possible rivals. Its elegance is set off by the more romantic charm of the Old Town. It was really, if not formally, as much a capital as Karlsruhe, Nancy, Dublin were, if not quite as much so as Turin. It was more a centre of the Enlightenment than any of these other cities. These lectures are well proportioned and candid. Lord Cameron regrets the modern intrusion of English law into the superior system of Scots law. Dr. G. E. Davie carries on his campaign against the corruption of the Scottish university system. Professor A. J. Youngson admits that the New Town has suffered a great deal from modern bad taste but gives us hope that in Edinburgh the worst is over, while it is only beginning in Dublin.

Only one talk seems out of place: Sydney Smith was not an Edinburgh man; he was not a Scot; he was not a student of the University of Edinburgh as Brougham was. Surely the appropriate "embodiment of the Spirit of Criticism" is Francis Jeffrey? The *Edinburgh Review* owes far more to Jeffrey than to Sydney Smith and it was as great an organ of the Enlightenment as the *Mime de Stael* (or, as some think, her son asserted). But all in all, this is a

most timely and admirable production. Compared with the great figures of Edinburgh or, more accurately speaking, the Scottish Enlightenment, John Ramsay of Ochtertyre is a minor figure, but he is in many ways a representative figure. He was a Whig but he recognized the Jacobite peerage. He speaks highly of the discipline of what he tactfully calls the "Highland army" in the Forty-Five. He sympathizes with gentlemen who were "out" and suffered for it. He was not representative of the Enlightenment in every way, since he disliked the rapid preaching as represented by people like "Jupiter" Carlyle and other moderates. Hence his interest in such idiosyncratic "societies" as the Haldanes.

Ochtertyre was a Scottish patriot. He always called his friends by their territorial titles, as we may be sure he wished to be called himself. So we have Ardenburgh, Lochaber, Gartnacraig and the rest. Today, Ochtertyre would surely call the Labour member for West Lothian by his territorial title, "The Bins".

But although a good Whig and a good Scottish patriot, lamenting the belated triumph of the *Malleus Scoticus* in the success of Anglomania, He had a more than sneaking admiration for Bonaparte whom he, in one good opinion of the volunteers who so excited Walter Scott's enthusiasm; but he had also a poor opinion of the Border ballad Scott collected, thinking them vastly inferior to Ossian whom he admitted as much as did Mr. David Lorne and Dr. Adam Smith. Almost the only English institution he seems to have any interest in is the Westminster School, which he but one can hardly think he wished

to replace the traditional tawse by this South British instrument? Living near Stirling, Ochtertyre was not very far from Edinburgh which he frequently visited, to consult the great Dr. Gregory. He was not very far from Glasgow either, but as he kindly remarks, "Glasgow was not in those days the seat of elegance or delicacy". It is not clear that he thought Glasgow had changed by 1811.

Miss Horn has done a good job of editing and excision. The result is a book of Scottish rural and, to some extent, urban life which supplements what we get from John Galt and the First Statistical Account. She is perhaps a little unkind to her English readers. They will not know what "the Burgher Church" is; they may not even know what is the General Assembly, and still less the "Heritors". They may not necessarily

know what "cutty" means; they "it but few" who have read "Tar O'Shanter" will realize that a "cutty" is the ancestor of the modern skirt, and not primarily the name of a ship or a whisky. Saxons almost certainly will not know what is meant by the "daft days" and they may not be able to decide whether "the fifteenth baron of Clackmannan" was a peer of either Scotland or Great Britain or like the Baron of Bradwardine. And a note about Samuel Charters of *Lycar* will certainly baffle more than English readers. The chronology seems to me a little confused, since it would suggest that Charters was offered the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow in succession to Adam Smith, some years before he was born. But all Scots and even enlightened Scots will enjoy and profit by this valuable and frequently entertaining work.

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Literary Criticism

ROMANTICISMS

J. A. L. BURT: *Romantic Mythologies*. 297pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 10s.ANTHONY THORLBY: *The Romantic Movement*. 176pp. Longmans. (Paperback, 12s. 6d.)

A. J. L. Burt leads off *Romantic Mythologies* with ninety-five pages on "The Image of the Androgyne in the Nineteenth Century". The Nineteenth Century means the nineteenth century in France and Germany, and the androgyne images come in two main varieties: optimistic, symbolizing progress, the breaking down of dualisms and the eventual arrival of a new kind of Paganism; and pessimistic, expressing a sense of the loss of the original unity of the human mind, a sense of the loss of the original unity of the human mind, a sense of the loss of the original unity of the human mind.

Dr. Burt's study is prodigiously annotated (he has 353 footnotes) and a real contribution to the history of Romantic ideas, but he shares his fellow-contributors a certain readiness to make critical—as opposed to purely historical—judgments. With the nineteenth century's towering over us this seems a pity: one of the things we most want to know is how far its preoccupations, its mythologies, and perhaps even its theories, linked together by an exceedingly intelligent commentary. There is also a section of quotations from the Romantic "period" itself. Not everyone will be as sure as Professor Thorlby seems to be that Romanticism can yet be bracketed off as a completed episode (Professor Heller himself has shown how heavily the whole thing still bears on us, but this book gives a more balanced and less parochial introduction to its world-historical early years than the student will be likely to find elsewhere.

It may also be why there is something refreshing about Dr. Ian Fletcher's piece of "mild sociology" on the "Romantic" suburb at Bedford Park in the 1880s: he has bizarre facts to

record ("they seem to have spent half their time dressing-up, like some of the early inhabitants of Welwyn Garden City") and his essay is one of the few in this book that tells us anything much about the relationship between art and life. Of the rest, perhaps the most interesting for the non-professional is Mr. W. J. Lucas's exploration of how Mr. E. M. Forster built *A Room With a View* around a secularized, if still rather humanistically solemn, version of the Parsifal myth. Dr. Fletcher really ought to have got someone to tie up his book a bit better for the ordinary myth-wary twentieth-century reader, but there are some good things in it.

Professor A. K. Thorlby's *The Romantic Movement* is dedicated to Professor Erich Heller, and shows a good deal of that remarkable thinker's grasp of the subject. Strictly speaking a history book, it explores Romanticism from every angle by means of intelligently chosen extracts from (for the most part) modern theorists, linked together by an exceedingly intelligent commentary. There is also a section of quotations from the Romantic "period" itself. Not everyone will be as sure as Professor Thorlby seems to be that Romanticism can yet be bracketed off as a completed episode (Professor Heller himself has shown how heavily the whole thing still bears on us, but this book gives a more balanced and less parochial introduction to its world-historical early years than the student will be likely to find elsewhere.

SPECULATIONS

R. HODGES: *The Dual Heritage of Joseph Conrad*. 229pp. The Hague: Mouton. 27 guilders.J. GUETTI: *The Limits of Metaphor*. A Study of Melville, Conrad, and Faulkner. 196pp. Cornell University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 12s.

The dual heritage of Mr. Hodges's book is the conflict within Conrad between the claims of his volatile and revolutionary father and those of the more conservative uncle who brought him up after his father's death. Mr. Hodges's thesis is that the two heritages were generated from the conflict, to which he assimilates Conrad's choice of the profession of the "daft days" and they may not be able to decide whether "the fifteenth baron of Clackmannan" was a peer of either Scotland or Great Britain or like the Baron of Bradwardine. And a note about Samuel Charters of *Lycar* will certainly baffle more than English readers. The chronology seems to me a little confused, since it would suggest that Charters was offered the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow in succession to Adam Smith, some years before he was born. But all Scots and even enlightened Scots will enjoy and profit by this valuable and frequently entertaining work.

There are perceptive observations in the book (the description of the effect of varying linguistic modes in *Moby-Dick* is an example) and one can imagine Mr. Guetti's feeling that it would be fascinating to follow a one-sided speculation past the point at which other arguments would normally blunt its point. But his deliberate refusal to argue with other critics leaves us with a thesis which claims to be definitive.

One characteristic of this sort of criticism is that we are bound to object to it at a much lower level of sophistication than that set by the writer. It may seem dull, and plodding to insist here, amid the coruscations of philosophical-linguistic brilliance, that novels are about human feelings. Of course, they are, but they are not merely progress reports on the state of metaphor. Mr. Guetti's assertion that "it is perhaps the ultimate capacity of language and the final act of a narrator to define language itself as the focal subject of language and to perceive that this is in fact the ultimate act of a narrator" is a gratuitous act of self-incarceration in a hall of mirrors and one which can only be performed by some slippery dealing with words like "final", "narrator" and "ultimate".

There are perceptive observations in the book (the description of the effect of varying linguistic modes in *Moby-Dick* is an example) and one can imagine Mr. Guetti's feeling that it would be fascinating to follow a one-sided speculation past the point at which other arguments would normally blunt its point. But his deliberate refusal to argue with other critics leaves us with a thesis which claims to be definitive.

HOW MANY LEARS?

PAUL A. JORGENSEN: *Lear's Self-Discovery*. 154pp. University of California Press. London: Cambridge University Press. 36s.WILLIAM R. ELTON: *King Lear and the Gods*. 369pp. San Marino: Huntington Library. \$8.50.

These two Californian studies of *King Lear* have one thing in common. Each takes a sharp look at a prevalent critical cliché, and in doing so adds something to our reading of the play. The cliché is in both cases concerned with the play's philosophical bearings, and both books are therefore vulnerable to the charge that they treat *King Lear* as a treatise. It is true that neither is exceptionally sensitive to its poetic or even dramatic values. But *King Lear*, of all Shakespeare's plays, comes closest to the genre of wisdom literature, and asks (or seems to ask) to be read for its wisdom rather than as literature. There is at any rate quite enough in the play to make the reader grateful for such professional guidance and exact information as is offered in these two learned works. Beyond this point there is little similarity between them and no overlap in the ground they cover.

Professor Jorgensen's lucid and sensible study focuses attention on the commonplace that *King Lear* is about the acquisition of self-knowledge. As he points out, it is surprising that this large and important subject has received so little thorough examination and definition. His work, though sketchy in places, has the freshness of a pilot study. He makes his approach through Renaissance ethical treatises (it is instructive that there was a small but substantial body of work on self-knowledge) and through more general discussions of the topic; and he notes "the immense importance the Renaissance student of self-knowledge put on the passions, and particularly the body, with its necessities and frailties, and on the need for recognizing one's status as man rather than king or

other proud creature". The relevance of this to Lear's preoccupations is clear—on which Mr. Jorgensen has some good comments. To Shakespeare, as to many other Renaissance writers, "self-knowledge" entailed not a mere vague *mea culpa*, but a vivid sense of the physical realities—often terrible—common to all mankind. Mr. Jorgensen goes on to show that the more modern-sounding notion of self-knowledge as a quest for identity was also important to Shakespeare. In one of the best chapters of the book he describes the emergence of the Shakespearean "hero as thinker", the self-conscious man, from Titus Andronicus to Lear himself. The subject is too large to be treated adequately in a single chapter, but there is some acute character criticism here: "No earlier character is so professionally a thinker as Brutus"; "The particular ordeal for Othello is that he cannot stand indecision: and indecision, at least in drama of moral choice, is the very essence of real thought".

Professor Elton's book is a work of formidable erudition. It is not easy to read and is hardly a book for the general reader, although his findings ought to be widely known. His aim is "not to determine whether [*King Lear*] contains Christian references; rather, it is mainly to examine the validity of the currently widespread view that *Lear* is an optimistically Christian drama". This he does by scrutinizing, closely and systematically, the philosophical and religious milieu of the play. He suggests that the age in which *King Lear* was written was far more sceptical than is sometimes imagined,

and that doubts in the reality of a benign providence were not infrequently voiced; that Shakespeare's play presents a pagan world whose characters would have been recognizable to the audience as firmly placed within the pagan experience (e.g. Cordelia's and Edgar's *prisca theologia*, Goneril's, Regan's and Edmund's forms of atheism, and Gloucester's superstition); and that it is truer to speak of Lear's progress from belief to unbelief than his "redemption". This bare outline hardly indicates the wealth of material assembled in the book.

Mr. Elton probably over-simplifies the "neo-Christian" view of *King Lear*, which is in any case now less prevalent (at least in England) than it once was. But the book certainly fulfils its controversial purpose. Mr. Elton conveys a real sense of the complexities of the play's philosophical milieu such as makes many respected critical accounts look decidedly inadequate. He is particularly illuminating on Elizabethan and Jacobean attitudes to pagan beliefs, and succeeds in showing many of the characters of *King Lear* in a new and more revealing light. It must be admitted that the unity of his argument is not always apparent, so wide is his reading, so dense and copious his quotation—many of the book's pages are tissues of quotation and commentary illustrating this or that phrase in the text of the play. Yet it is perhaps from these almost self-contained sections that the reader derives most pleasure and insight. Such sections as those on "ripeness is all" and "take upon the mystery of things" are valuable compendia of background material which should be consulted by any serious student of *King Lear*.

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A SOCIOLOGY OF PLATO

ALVIN Gouldner proposes in *Emergent Plato* to create a "new intellectual genre"—a sociology of social science. Ultimately, the objective is "an empirically testable social theory about social theories" which will reveal their social function and the relation of the theories they create to the problems of the societies in which they work. Meanwhile, in this first case-study of a social theorist, he proceeds from the unexamined assumption that every social theory can be understood as an "analysis," explicit or implicit, of "the cause and possible cures of the ills of the society to which the theorist has been subjected."

His book is divided into two nearly equal parts. In the first he gives his own diagnosis of the ills Plato was subjected to, by applying "such perspectives as are common to sociologists" to the social structure and culture of ancient Greece, in particular to Athens: here he finds a number of "contradictions" and problems besetting interpersonal and interstate relationships, the ultimate origin of which he traces to the nature of the class hierarchy and the institution of slavery. He then, in the second part, examines Plato's social theory and reaches the conclusion that "in some respects it constitutes a complex intellectual response to the crisis of the Hellenic system of social stratification, in general, and to slavery in particular."

This crisis provides "the political dilemmas and social tensions" which the theory's diagnosis and therapy are designed to deal with and is also the source of the rationalist, authoritarian, static outlook of that theory, with its conception of satisfactorily organized human individuals and groups as hierarchical wholes in which the order vital for the good of the whole must be imposed upon the essentially disorderly lower strata by the rational elements above. Thus: There is in Plato's work a double legitimization of slavery which will later be elaborated systematically by Aristotle: first, slavery is suggested to be legitimate because the slave is diminished in the highest human quality, reason. Second, slavery is held legitimate because it is ordained and natural, being an expression within the society of the hierarchical relationships said to be characteristic of the universe as a whole. Plato's metaphysics is, in part, a projection of the slave relationship and of experience within it on to the universe as a whole. Once projected there, it may then be brought to earth where it serves in effect to legitimate slavery itself.

When projected it becomes a model, a single optimum solution to the problems of social disunity and disorder, a timeless ideal pattern of the form society ought to take. Plato's social theory is "utopian"—it concentrates almost exclusively on ends while at the same time taking an extremely pessimistic view of the human materials that are to be shaped according to them—because the Platonic theory of forms "incites a radical criticism of society which at the same time, it assumes to be unchangeable in essentials." Plato's working from "the assumption that every problem has only one best solution" is due to his "lunge toward the universally valid"; his viewpoint is "inhibitive of the development of an empirical science of man in which issues are at length tested by some form of observation," because he "concerns himself with social systems on the highest level of analysis" and deals only with the "historically invariant and universal cores" of social disorder.

Mr. Gouldner fails here to distinguish propositions which purport to be universally true of all men or all societies from "ones" dealing with social phenomena in very general or abstract terms. Empirical testability is another matter again, and a more important one, not least for Mr. Gouldner's own thesis. (Plato had a substitute: argument, though neither the fact nor the reasons for it are noted in Mr. Gouldner's book, where scant recognition is paid to Plato's commitment to specifically philosophical inquiries.) Nowhere does Mr. Gouldner give a clear statement of what sort of relationship he assumes to hold between the situation that "shapes" and the theories

who "responds" (to be told that it is not in every respect a causal relationship is to be told nothing). What is perhaps most surprising, coming from an empirical scientist, is that a writer so ready to generalize should be so sparing with references by which we might test his Olympian verdicts on Plato's social writings. He does not even acknowledge that the problems and concerns of the *Republic* are rather different from those of the *Laws*—for Mr. Gouldner, it would seem, every solution has but one problem, slavery and its attendant ills, and the chief lesson of his proleptic discourse is the terrible warning of the "utter bondage to their culture" which led Plato and Aristotle to hold "such ideologically distorted views about slavery."

Slavery was not in fact thought by either Plato or Aristotle to be a problem, nor was it one. Mr. Gouldner holds it a root cause of the endemic inter-city wars of the fourth century: "the citizen elite need slaves to help maintain their establishments during their military service, and they need to fight so that they can maintain the slave supply." This is over-simplified and grounded on an equally over-simplified and chronologically static view of ancient economics. But even if it were true, the evidence Mr. Gouldner adduces for supposing that in the fourth century an "intensification of the crisis in the slave system" made its problems surface into "public consciousness" consists in nothing more than some speculation about the psychological effects on children being brought up by slaves (and women) and a passage in the *Laws* to the effect that the Spartan helotry system (a very different matter) is controversial and that there is confusion in the way people talk about slaves. But the controversy, so far as Plato is interested in it, has to do with the efficiency of helotry because subject populations are liable to revolt and it is also only for its implications about the efficient management of slaves that Plato mentions the difficulty of selecting the terms most suitable for describing and evaluating them.

It is precisely this selection of an appropriate slave vocabulary that Aristotle undertakes to provide in *Justitiae*. He is in no sense trying to justify or legitimize slavery as an institution. Nor is anyone known to have attacked it as an institution. Many of the problems he is concerned with extend as much to women as to slaves, and indeed to anyone an employee, for example. For the duration of his employment—a "slavery" of a sort according to a common attitude) over whom one exercises "Boss-ship" and through whom one acts or implements one's will (this last is the point of the notorious but widely misunderstood classification of slaves and underlings in general as "implements with souls"). The problem specific to slaves is that Aristotle wants, from the point of view of theoretical jurisprudence, to bring their being owned within the scope of his concept of natural justice. This is what is at stake, not the practice of enslaving people, and his failure to produce a case convincing enough for later jurisprudence made not a jot of difference to man's inhumanity to man.

Philosophical interest in slavery as such seems, in fact, motivated solely by prior interest in the concept of natural justice. Both Plato and Aristotle agree that it is anyway better for certain types of inferior persons to be subordinated in various ways, and that is the main issue between Plato and Sophists like Antiphon. *Laws* has a large-scale programme for deriving law from nature, but all Plato really wants, in fact, is a perfectly general argument in favour of the exercise of authority by certain kinds of person, namely those capable of certain markedly abstract operations of reason. For those whom nature has not so equipped it is better, in their own interests, to be subordinated to their natural superiors. This is indeed for him a "slavish" status, but so is that of a lawyer arguing a case in front of a jury or, in the *Crito*, that of Socrates in relation to the laws of the city (an old sentiment, this). Real slaves provide the point of comparison, precisely because their situation is so obvious that it needs no elucidation or comment from a philosopher.

ALVIN W. GOULDNER, *Emergent Plato: Classical Greece and the Origins of Social Theory*, 407pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1967. 15s.

Aristotle's rather more complex views on justice and authority create problems for him in connexion not only with slaves but also with all who lack certain (moderately abstract) powers of reason. But the matter-of-fact way in which the terms "slave" and "master" turn up as stock examples in his logical treatises is an index of the complete emotional and moral neutrality of his attitude to slavery as such. Nor is there any real evidence that any of his contemporaries thought otherwise.

Much the same is true of the second layer in Mr. Gouldner's "crisis" situation: poverty and the tensions created by the gap between rich and poor. These were real enough, though less serious in Athens whose social structure Plato, in Mr. Gouldner's view, is "basically" trying to rekind. It is true that "to Plato, poverty is objectionable because of its moral consequences—its effects upon social morality"—rather than because "it violates humanitarian sentiments or involves a particularly objectionable form of social inequality"; but Plato was not a democrat and Greek sentiments about poverty were less generalized than Mr. Gouldner's.

But having a culture-bound vision is not just a matter of not entertaining modern thoughts. The social context in which a person theorizes is, after all, Mr. Gouldner's special interest, yet he complains, with astounding anachronism, that in opting for agriculturally based utopia, Plato "proposes no war on poverty," that he rejects "the strategy of increasing abundance" based on "the use of mathematics and science for the development of a wealth-producing technology." It takes more than a change of attitude to the "industrial arts" to cover the distance between the *Timaeus* and Washington University, Missouri.

Equality in various economic matters was not only proposed but occasionally practised in ancient Greece, but the very idea of the poverty of another person being "in itself morally undesirable, no matter who he is, and therefore something to be eliminated, presupposes a world of attitudes and emotions that have grown from a totally different socio-economic context. One has only to remember how Plato, when legislating on how penury is to be dealt with, is guided by the thought that only a good man in misfortune is pitiable. The same idea pervades Aristotle's *Poetics*, and cannot have been outrageous to the audience it was written for. Mr. Gouldner's sociological skills would be better employed in helping us to understand the

sources of such basic value-differences than in prescribing his own values as panaceas for other cultures.

The third and uppermost layer of inter-city war, the "Lucina" layer, is that Plato does not seek to avoid, in choosing the city-state as a "unit" for social change, the international conflict as accepted from the start. The interest of the case is that while Plato's diagnosis of this debilitating phenomenon is basically the same as Mr. Gouldner's, the tendency to aggression, the economic motives of a city dividing within itself—he does not (despite Mr. Gouldner's claim to the contrary) actually advocate, as a uniting force, a pan-Hellenic crusade against the barbarians, perhaps it was because he did not share Mr. Gouldner's confidence in it (what chance of that even of its best-known exponent, Isocrates as a "best solution" to Greek problems, Mr. Gouldner seems not, however, to have as full an appreciation of Isocrates of what the aim of such an effort would have been, since he interprets Isocrates' reference to the riches to be won as a "fantasy" to induce the Greeks to adopt his proposal. And he omits altogether the close association of this policy with the idea of the barbarian's virtual slave. Perhaps he thinks that the Athenian hegemony for which Isocrates pleaded would have meant the Greeks bringing democracy to Asia.

Whatever the feasibility and value—surely temporary at best—of Isocrates' programme, Plato's interest was in genuinely basic values for the city state, not the abstract threatened by Mr. Gouldner's description of a "radical overthrowing" of Greek institutions, especially of a system of stratification and its narrowly exclusive image of commonwealth change which would have opened the city to the great number who had in but were not of it, namely, the exploited slaves and foreigners. The gross distortion of this bracketed (Greek) treatment of aliens being very last thing to criticize "from the standpoint of a modern" is a promising beginning for one who aspires to be a "social nuisance" whose claiming to lead an intellectual life and calls upon his colleagues, with numerous admonitions for the improvement of their intellectual mores, to recognize that follow their calling is to be "the shamans and priests and the jurors of philosopher-kings."

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Literature

POLISH POETRY, POLISH PROSE

CELINA WIENIEWSKA (Editor): *Polish Writing Today*. 206pp. Penguin. 6s.

"Today" means more in this title than it usually does in such anthologies. A good deal of the Polish literature that was published just after the war, such as Andrzejewski's *Ashes and Diamonds*, and most of the great burst of writing that preceded and followed Gomulka's return to power in 1956, is now available in one place or another in English. Miss Wieniewska has accordingly concentrated, in her selection, on more recent and usually younger writers. This means that, especially among the prose-writers, some important names are missing: Andrzejewski himself, Kazimierz Brandys as a novelist (though he appears as a columnist), Mrozek. Nor is a further appearance made here by such things as Adam Wazyk's fizzling political fust of 1955, the "Poem for Adults". The major work in this selection is the poetry of Zbigniew Herbert and Tadeusz Rozewicz.

These two poets, both of whom fortunately come across very well in translation, are really outstanding writers of far more than simply national interest. Both are grave men,

yet each writes with his own distinctive vitality; Herbert with a razor-sharp elegance, Rozewicz directing a harsh, flashing light. Each in his own way is engaged in facing the horrors and confusions of the last thirty years of Polish history. But the issues they raise concern humanity. Herbert's "At the Gates of the Valley", for instance, draws together images from the gates of Auschwitz and images from the Last Judgment; the courteous angels, the confused throng at the gates (an old woman carrying her dead canary, a lumberjack pressing his axe to his breast), all portrayed

a moment before the final division into those who gnash their teeth and those who sing psalms. The gentleness of the description, the dry understanding shown to the angels who "have a hard job", the whole rather apologetic manner of the poem only serve to press the horror of it with irresistible firmness into the consciousness; and behind the German doctors and guards rises the smiling spectre of a Christian civilization founded on

ideas of judgment and condemnation. Here Herbert can write with the same unemphatic yet terribly moving lucidity of the end of a love affair, or of Fortinbras's farewell to Hamlet:

I must also elaborate a better system of prisons since as you justly said Denmark is a prison

I go to my affairs.

Rozewicz re-creates in his poems moments of bare survival or slow, painful recovery of what we think of as human feelings, in what we call inhuman circumstances:

love-poems of old used to be descriptions of flesh they described this and that for instance eyelashes and yet redness should be described by greyness the sun by rain the poppies in November the lips at night.

There are also good selections in the book from most of the other younger Polish poets: writers like the late Andrzej Bursa and Tymoteusz Karpowicz, whose work has a grim, ironic stamp akin to that of Herbert and Rozewicz; Miron Bialoszewski, whose language games cease out of the difficulties of knowing and the loss of loss; Jerzy Harasymowicz, sensuous, witty and fantastic, in the vein we know from Mrozek of high Polish nonsense:

The line has been straight ever since Pythagoras traced it down for us in the chimney with chalk dipped in holy water

Now it is very tired and dreams of nothing but rolling itself into a ball.

The prose in this anthology is on the whole less distinguished, though nearly always interesting. There are examples of a sort of diary with re-

lections, more popular in Poland than here, by Brandys and by Jan Kott. Brandys on style ("I did not choose a style—I chose my attitude and the attitude meted out a style... I put forgiveness; I kept on eradicating illness—memories and arguable ideas thrown out in a looser way than we are accustomed to do").

The short stories deal mostly with tragic and ironic situations, incidents arising out of the war or its aftermath. The best is perhaps Tadeusz Holty's *Full Circle*, about a German film man who comes to see a Jewish home in postwar Poland in order to get material, and is soon directing the life of the family. Three of the stories are first person narratives by criminals or wasters—impressive but uneasy stories, the ironic moral criticism flying about rather uncontrolled and in dubious relationship to an authorial undertone of nihilistic aggressiveness. There are also some rather flat narratives of grief and disaster: a small boy's ultimately fatal wanderings in Warsaw when the tensions at home drive him out, simply described by Magda Leja (who has done better than this); a rather unconvincing story of adultery in a peasant cottage and murder in the town outside. Oddly enough, the stories probably lose more by translation than the poems in this volume. Most of them depend a good deal on the accuracy with which a colloquial—often an illiterate colloquial—is caught, and nothing is harder to take across to another language. If Polish criminals sound like the cultivated Polish translator brought up in England and has of an English navy, authenticity has a western naivety, and that makes the range and vigour of Polish writing today very clear.

Luc Babel was born in 1894 in Odessa, a colourful but impoverished ghetto, and his art is not only the response of an intellectual to the violence of his time but also the response of a deeply self-conscious Jew. At the time of Babel's youth was the scene of violent pogroms,

where, as in the Kiev General Mikhovskii described in *Maryna*, Jews were kept strictly "to one side of the street, chased away by policemen from the other". Jewishness prevails in many of Babel's short stories, and his reading of Hebrew and Yiddish classics was as basic to his cultural assumptions as was his reading of French and Russian. His stories are rich in Jewish grotesques: "the octogenarian Reisl, tiny and humpbacked, as patinated with tradition as a roll of the Torah"; "Ashkenazis, Hevrens and Efrussis, glovously finished misers, philosophical roisterers, creators of wealth and of Odessa anecdotes... retired cantors, jesters at weddings, cooks at circumcisions, and ancient shop-assistants". It is easy and often justifiable to criticize Babel for exploiting the exoticism of what to his Russian readers must have seemed, in these descriptions, an alien, mysterious race. This is particularly true of his *Tales of Odessa* where improbably weird and colourful Jewish bandits are set up against the exotic background of "Russia's Marseilles", a part which in Babel's descriptions is worthy of Baghdad in the *Thousand and One Nights*.

The scholarly, Talmudic Babel that emerged from Odessa was a bookworm who had "let slide everything that really mattered, such as playing truant in the harbour, learning the art of billiards in the coffee-houses on Greek Street, going swim-

ming at Langeron". When he reached Moscow Gorky advised him to "Go out among the people" for some years before presuming to be a writer. Many of Babel's stories are in fact concerned with the problems of initiation into manhood, problems that beset a young man who throws up his Talmud and sets off to fight with the Cossack cavalry. The test was severe, for not only are Cossacks by tradition ardently anti-Semitic; their regiments were the most brutally uninhibited in the Red (or White) armies. What better testing ground for the intellectual's bitter dilemma at the time—whether the eventual achievement of a good society would justify the brutal terror? The Cossack has always been Russian literature's version of the Noble Savage, and on many occasions Babel submits his meek sensibility and patry physquo to the graceful Cossacks' severe scrutiny, for what use is there really in the Cossack cavalry for a man with spectacles on his nose and autumn in his heart? Babel's riding of a Cossack stallion is so inept that the horse is soon suffering from saddle-galls, and when a soldier whose belly has been torn out and whose entrails hang over his knees begs to be finished off Babel cannot bring himself to pull the trigger, but is content to let another man do it for him.

And yet Babel's *Red Cavalry* is no

simple indictment of the scrupulous intellectual opposed to the boisterously single-minded revolutionary. It is often very hard indeed to recognize the true objectives of the revolution in these stories, for Soviet ideals get hopelessly buried in the details of lurid violence. The troops reek of "fresh blood and of human dust and ashes". Swords are thrust into the throats of prisoners, and a Polish soldier's skull takes flight, bits of his brain dripping over the narrator's hands. Not that Babel's aim is to criticize the use of terror: indeed he describes the Cossacks' savagery with unceasing exuberance. Lionel Trilling has suggested (in his introduction to the Penguin translation of the stories, from which many of the passages quoted have been taken) that by presenting violence not with horror but with joy Babel is restraining himself from imposing on it his own moral disapproval, for he is concerned more importantly to represent merely "the unyielding circumstance in which the human fact exists", to "show it forth". All this is very true in that Babel has obviously succeeded in "showing forth" the brutal facts of the Russian revolution. Yet it is hard at times not to see in the zest with which Babel describes the slaughter not a subtle device to achieve detachment but rather an over-patience, almost unhealthy involvement, the meek intellectual's need perhaps to indulge, on paper, in the lustful, uninhibited violence he shrinks from on horseback.

Red Cavalry and *Tales of Odessa* are written in an overlush, heavily metaphorical style. Some of Babel's figures are acceptably inventive: "The dying sun, round and yellow as a pumpkin"; "The moon hung above the yard like a cheap earring"; elsewhere, though, one finds that the sunset's "foaming rivers flowed along the embroidered napkins of peasant fields", and that the sky was "like an accordion with lots of keyboards". By 1925, after finishing *Red Cavalry* and *Tales of Odessa*, Babel began to shed this kind of mannerism. Magnificent stories like

"The Awakening", "Dante Street", "The Kiss", reveal a wholly different, superior talent. The themes are often the same, but the style is simple, unadorned, slipperily exact. These stories give one an idea of the excellence Soviet literature was deprived of with Babel's death. Babel was working on his first long novel when he was arrested.

Maryna too is wholly free of the rhetoric of Babel's earlier stories, though its episodic construction is typical of all Babel's work. Many of its glimpses of post-revolutionary life come straight out of the stories. As in *Red Cavalry* the details of hardship overshadow any sense of the essential purpose of the revolution, and it is a sly joke of Babel's that *Maryna* herself, the one character who has embraced Soviet ideals unquestioningly and without taint of corruption, never actually appears on the stage, being evoked almost mythically as an ideal of revolution which Babel perhaps feared had been buried in horror. And yet, Babel is able to produce from the grime of the actual, if not a live *Maryna*, at least a reasonable alternative which it might be as well to settle for: when the aristocratic general dies and his house is requisitioned, the concierge may be vulgarly ruthless in her exercise of power over her former masters, but the family that does take the house over is eminently well-deserving, particularly the pregnant wife, who meekly enjoys the wondrous transformation of the chandelier on the ceiling each time she dares press down the magical switch on the wall.

Maryna is a far greater achievement than Babel's first and only other play, *Sunset*, which suffers from the florid provincialism of the *Odessa Tales* (though its dialogue, rich in Yiddish vocabulary and syntax, was something wholly original in the Russian theatre). *Sunset* is really just one more Odessa tale, put into dramatic form. It is sad that Babel was not able to complete the trilogy of which *Maryna* was to be the first part, for he was unquestionably getting his hand in as a dramatist.

FIFTY-YEAR RULE

Extracts from reviews published anonymously in the TLS on October 25, 1917.

DOSEY. A Study by Edward Garnett, with a Foreword by Joseph Conrad.

We have always wondered, for some time, why Tolstoy was so much loved by [Turgenev]. Mr. Dosey speaks of his "life-long loyalty to Turgenev's genius, his renewed by the latter's life". That seems to suggest envy, which certainly not the explanation. Turgenev was too much of an artist for Tolstoy, too much of a writer for there was nothing in Tolstoy's life that was not a part of his art. Tolstoy's life was a natural process, but to Turgenev it was a ritual, as to Flaubert, or, seemed to write, with a certain naturalness; he was far more of an artist, but he looked like an artist, like Tolstoy lived it; and his writing was an extra consciousness, an extra life, yet more intensely in touch with actual fact. He is like Tolstoy who sings at his work: "where Turgenev is like a man playing a very small instrument. After Tolstoy's 'House of Gentlefolk' 'Fathers and Children' one is struck with the sense of great power, a very small and exquisite instrument. Turgenev's are completely empty, like a Japanese instrument. Turgenev's are the result of some austere inhibition, he has put upon himself. Every word in it is typical, and he admits of no irrelevance to the type. His characters never run away with him, they are his.

That, perhaps, was what irritated Tolstoy, to whom men were so utterly individual, and for whom life was a fierce conflict between the individual and the laws of God. To Turgenev it was rather a conflict between the type and the laws of Nature. The anarchy of the world for Tolstoy is in man and in his disobedience to God. Why is man thus disobedient? That is the question he asks. For him all the sorrow and suffering of life come from man himself, from the individual sinner. But to Turgenev they come from man's incommensurability with Nature; and the question he asks is, Why is the universe what it is? In the last scene of "Fathers and Children" where the dead Bazarov's old father cries—"I said I should rebel, I rebel! I rebel!" Turgenev, says Mr. Garnett, epitomizes in one stroke the infinite aspiration, the eternal insignificance, of the life of man. That is always the drama for him, a little group of human beings, aspiring and thwarted by a surrounding indifference. And for him there are two kinds of human beings: those who aspire and are thwarted, and those who basely comply with Nature and become themselves part

of that which thwarts. Of Maria Nikolaevna, the woman who seduces the hero in "Torrens of Spring", Mr. Garnett says that "in her ruthless charm she is the incarnation of a cruel principle in Nature". But that is true of all the evil characters of Turgenev, whether they are lustful like her or merely worldly. They seem to be conspiring with Nature to bring the dreams of his heroes and heroines to naught. They are like the big, dull boy at school who bullies and derides the weak and sensitive. For him human stupidity is part of the stupidity of the universe, and the few who rise above it are crushed by it or by circumstance. And yet he does passionately believe in those few and loves them passionately. They are to him beautiful, inexplicable flowers in a barren wilderness. They make life worth living, and yet fill it with pain. Like St. Paul, he cries that there is nothing worth having but love, only to him love is a beautiful, forlorn irrelevance in a world unfitted for its survival. All his heroes fight a losing battle, not merely with the fools of the world, but with the nature of things. And so all his beauty and tenderness seem to be but a pathetic interlude, a strain of music suddenly drowned by noise; and the point of the book always is this sudden marring of the music. At the end you are not thrilled and heartened by the sense of escape to an ampler aether, a diviner air; rather, you are cut off suddenly from what you love, and made to feel that this separation is for ever, is in the nature of things. The mechanism of the universe closes in upon you; and it is mere mechanism. Those who consent to live like machines are the winners now and for ever.

(A. CLUTTON BROCK)

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Science

KEPLER'S MAN ON THE MOON

Kepler's *Somnium*. Translated with a commentary by Edward Rosen. 255pp. University of Wisconsin Press. (American University Publishers Group.) £3 6s.
Regiomontanus on Triangles. Translated by Barnabas Hughes, with an introduction and notes. 298pp. University of Wisconsin Press. (American University Publishers Group.) £3 15s.

For two and a half centuries Kepler has been acknowledged as one of the giants on whose shoulders Newton stood. After his three laws of planetary motion, little else of his was deemed to matter. Even Frisch's excellent edition of Kepler's works, an edition which was completed nearly a hundred years ago, does not appear to have persuaded many to read Kepler's major works, let alone the lesser writings. The tide seems to have turned with von Dyck's and Caspar's *Gesammelte Werke*, begun in 1937 and not yet completed. At last Kepler has come into his own as a man of rare originality. There is a Kepler bandwagon on which more and more historians are climbing. Edward Rosen is one of a select few with a right to be there; and his translation of the *Somnium*, with commentary, now replaces the totally inadequate version by P. F. Kirkwood (translation) and John Lear (commentary) published only two years ago.

The beginnings of the *Somnium* were in a Tübingen dissertation composed by Kepler in 1593, in which the Copernican thesis was upheld on the basis of an analogy between the experience of a terrestrial observer and one on the Moon. Copernicanism, half a century old, was still anathema to the Tübingen professor in charge of the exercise, and Kepler was not allowed to read his thesis. This piece of juvenilia was put aside until, in 1609, he added the dream framework, devised in order to introduce a supernatural agency to carry his astronomer to the Moon. Still the draft was not published, although the story—if Kepler is to be believed—was circulating in the barbers' shops, and was even (wrongly) supposed to have been in the hands of the anonymous author (Donne) of *Ignatius*, 1590. This short interval in the

MAGNUS PYKE: *The Science Century*. 183pp. John Murray. 30s.

Dr. Pyke, one of our most devoted guides through the world of science, likes to look all round his subject from different angles without committing himself to any one viewpoint. In his new book he becomes, rather surprisingly, its public relations officer. His science century stretches from about 1850 to about 1950. This short interval in the

main interest. The basic text runs to only eighteen pages. Add to these Kepler's own 223 notes (excluding thirty-eight notes to a geographical appendix of about two pages), more than twice as many more by Professor Rosen, not to mention his thirteen appendices, and the result is the most valuable compendium of Kepleriana in the English language. Which is ironic, considering the status of Kepler's longer works.

It is generally agreed that the *De Triangulis* of Regiomontanus marks an important turning-point in the history of mathematics and astronomy, but no one has yet made out a really convincing case. Regiomontanus certainly had a reputation of greatness in the late sixteenth century (this work, completed in 1464, was not printed until 1533), and he undoubtedly influenced men who were in turn influential, such as Rheticus, Copernicus, and Tycho Brahe. It does not follow, however, that an English translation (here facing a facsimile of the original) has to be justified in terms of the old myth that Regiomontanus was

the first European scholar to treat trigonometry as a theoretical science. Father Hughes, who, after translating and pondering on the text from beginning to end, should know as much about the *De Triangulis* as any man alive, has in fact added an introductory essay which slavishly follows the pronouncements of writers many of whom one suspects of never even having seen a copy. For him, as for J. D. Bond and Sister Mary Zeller (on whom his résumé of previous history seems principally to rest), the three centuries before Regiomontanus are virtually unknown territory, and would have been better ignored than misrepresented.

The early printed edition chosen for reproduction is the first. This is no doubt the most satisfactory choice, although a collation with the original manuscript and the second edition would have been of a value out of all proportion to the effort involved. (It will be a happy day indeed when editors begin to include numerical tables which are an essential part of their texts.)

SCIENCE'S P.R.O.

The rain of material goods falls so thick and fast from Dr. Pyke's recital of scientific achievements that it may seem ungrateful to ask what they add up to in ultimate good, social and moral. He is very short on aerodynamics and space penetration and nowhere answers those who think that the crippling cost of high speed puts it on the debit side of the account. He is short too on the real function of computer development and its effect on the scientific management of industry. Mass production need not lead to monotony of product, but that it must lead to monotony of process comes depressingly home in two of his photographs, which are often as witty to the point as his text. An old cobbler at his last is shown, with a group of workers bent over their benches on a boot factory floor. The first is full of life, but the second, the caption reads "The factory's productivity is high but no man in it can make a pair of boots."

The scientist is satisfied to prove that a piece of the natural world behaves as it does because certain relations exist between its parts. He is an intellectual giver of laws to what is otherwise a mystery, and is content to leave it at that. There were a few such great men strung out along the ages before Dr. Pyke's century. But at its beginning they were on the increase, and starting to mix with a different sort of man who, when he understood what the scientist was getting at, was impatient to put science to work to make new things not provided by nature. So between scientist and man of action the technology was born. The immensely fruitful traffic between science and technology was a two-way process. Sometimes the technologist simply applied the scientist's analysis to make new things work. Sometimes he found himself with a problem he could not solve without learning how to analyse it scientifically. The scientist is the source of Dr. Pyke's wonderland century, but the technologist has made it work. The partnership is often so close that the parties to it are hardly to be distinguished.

With such notions Dr. Pyke's gallop through his century gets off to a flying start. Some of his chapters almost seem (but quite deceptively) to write themselves. In this century medicine first saw, identified and largely neutralized its bacterial enemy in most of the killer diseases, and surgery advanced from amputations to intricate and almost painless skill through asepsis, anaesthesia and X-ray techniques. In it we first began to see well, publicly and privately, in the dark, passing from candles and oil lamps through gas flames to electric light and the vacuum filament bulb. The long and intricate stories attached to messages (from Morse Code, through telegraph and telephone to radio communication) and through train, tram and bus to automobile, aircraft and space adventure are told with a skill that distinguishes the book as a literary work.

We had learnt to dispose of sewage by began to crowd into old cities and with the help of new concrete processes turned them vertically and horizontally into vast conurbations. And with the expansion of industry and the advent of computers came also a new breed of men, the managers of mass production, who turned their backs on the old ways of old crafts and drove toward efficiency by breaking down each industrial process into a multitude of small, remotely controlled elements.

The rain of material goods falls so thick and fast from Dr. Pyke's recital of scientific achievements that it may seem ungrateful to ask what they add up to in ultimate good, social and moral. He is very short on aerodynamics and space penetration and nowhere answers those who think that the crippling cost of high speed puts it on the debit side of the account. He is short too on the real function of computer development and its effect on the scientific management of industry. Mass production need not lead to monotony of product, but that it must lead to monotony of process comes depressingly home in two of his photographs, which are often as witty to the point as his text. An old cobbler at his last is shown, with a group of workers bent over their benches on a boot factory floor. The first is full of life, but the second, the caption reads "The factory's productivity is high but no man in it can make a pair of boots."

A menacing by-product of the revolution in medicine is the population explosion, which has somehow to be controlled or overhauled by a corresponding rise in food production. Dr. Pyke derides the simple souls who extrapolate the demographic curve to say that in the foreseeable future there will be standing room only on earth, so what will they eat? He writes an expert chapter on the revolution in food production in fully developed countries, but when he uses this to support a belief that equilibrium will ultimately be reached between mouths and food to feed them, his ecological argument seems to lose sight of the central fact that everything depends on producing enough food in the right places.

Most surprising of all is his omission to write a chapter on nuclear research, which more than anything else has shaped the end of his century. Hiroshima is mentioned twice, but in such bland terms that no one would guess that it symbolizes the most acute moral dilemma of our time. However, such questions are outside a public relations officer's normal duties. Dr. Pyke's tongue is put always in its natural position.



Fall Issue

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Anthropology

C. SCOTT LITTLETON: *The New Comparative Mythology. An Anthropological Assessment of the Theories of Georges Dumézil*. 242pp. University of California Press. London 1 Cambridge University Press. 48s.

Professor Georges Dumézil, of the Collège de France, is by any reckoning a most considerable scholar, and his lifetime's research into the ideological constitution of early Indo-European society is surely one of the great achievements of learning in this century. In a very wide range of academic subjects, and in countries far afield from France, he has a large body of admirers who are attracted by his polymathic erudition, disciplined perspicacity, and deep commitment to a particular field of learning. He has produced more than 150 articles, and must have written the formidable 680 pages of *La Religion romaine archaïque*; he writes with clarity, grace, and vigour; he has constantly elaborated the main themes of his interpretation of Indo-European tradition, and has modestly registered the recurrent modifications of his views to which, encouragingly, he has been led by further reflection and researches; when he has been unmoved he has responded with a wit, but always with justice to his critics and a complete sense of responsibility to the matter in hand. It is little more than forty years he has established a new and impressive conception of the integrity and continuity of Indo-European civilization. No wonder that he has inspired, in even those who know only his printed work, a personal attachment which justifies references to his "disciples". Yet he is also a highly controversial figure, assailed by certain prominent scholars and shunned as suspect by others. He has been charged with undue selectivity or superficiality in his comparative studies, and with an inordinate enthusiasm for his theory of the "three functions" which imposes upon the evidence a theoretical order which is largely fictitious. What is the inexperienced reader to make of this provoking situation? He cannot beg the question by observing

that any man of originality is going to encounter the hostility of pedants (even if, as in this case, some of the critics seem obdurately determined to misunderstand the hypotheses they oppose), and he cannot be expected to read, let alone hope to estimate, everything that this prolific author has published. Astonishingly enough, moreover, not one of Dumézil's works has yet been translated into English, and it is a dismal fact that this circumstance can still gravely confine a reputation and hinder the dissemination of ideas.

It is against this background that Dr. Littleton, of Occidental College, Los Angeles, can gratefully be judged to have rendered an outstanding scholarly service by his exposition of Dumézil's chief arguments and their reception. The account is largely chronological: after indicating the sphere of evidence and the earlier approaches to the comparative study of myth, Dr. Littleton distinguishes and describes Dumézil's "formative phase" (1924-38), his "developmental phase" (1938-49), and his "flourescent phase" (1949 to the present). In each section so headed he surveys the main investigations and theories characteristic of the period, outlining the burden of the major works and the supplementary evidences of related papers. The penultimate chapter lists and discusses the disciples and the critics, and the book concludes with an anthropological assessment. There is a lengthy and thorough bibliography of references cited, and

the index, though not extensive, is fairly adequate. (There is no map, however, and any future reprinting would be much improved by the inclusion of one.) Dr. Littleton has evidently worked in close consultation with his subject, and his rendering of the latter's views seems in general to be reliable and reasonably comprehensive. The writing tends to be rather flat, but this is readily understandable in an account which necessarily is for the most part a catalogue. The work as a whole is a necessity for any academic library, and should be possessed by anyone seriously interested in the Indo-European tradition, classical studies, mythology, and a variety of related subjects concerned with the history, symbolism, and social context of "collective representations".

This last expression, however, which is a term of French sociology and thence of social anthropology, raises a question about the standpoint from which the book has been written. The sub-title promises an "anthropological assessment", and Dr. Littleton announces that his approach to Dumézil's theories is "that of a social anthropologist", but it is far from clear what precisely can be intended by these references to anthropology. Very little ethnographic comparison is made with cultures outside the Indo-European area, and it is dubitable in any case whether there is any such thing as a distinctive "anthropological" mode of judgment. In the event, the author

makes no rigorous assessment in any terms. He is also less well informed than he might be about the demonstrated relevance of Dumézil's work for investigations made by social anthropologists. He has been "unable to uncover any references... to Dumézil and his works by British and American anthropologists", but at Oxford, over the past ten years, social anthropologists have repeatedly paid attention in print to Dumézil's ideas; his analysis of the classical *varna*, for instance, has been brought to bear on the study of caste in modern Gujrat, and his notions on sovereignty and other topics have been applied to the study of ideologies in Tibeto-Burman and East African cultures. In the United States, however, it does unfortunately appear to be true that anthropologists are unaware of Dumézil and on this score at least Dr. Littleton is both right and redemptory.

But even to demonstrate an anthropological interest in Dumézil's theories would not have any decisive effect on the dubious opinions of scholars in other subjects. It is not, after all, the anthropological aspect as such which provokes the hostility of many of Dumézil's critics, for ironically the contrary theories of such prominent opponents as the late Professor H. J. Rose are themselves "anthropological", only so outdated and discredited as to have been long abandoned by practising anthropologists. Moreover, Dumézil has plainly declared his indebtedness to the sociological insights supplied by Marcel Mauss and Marcel Granet, and the welcome accorded his theories by modern social anthropologists (particularly at Oxford, which is widely known to be addicted to the outlook of the *Annales sociologiques*) could be no more than a sign of allegiance to

a common sociological or "structuralist" cause. In fact, it is very largely this theoretical stance itself, rather than the substance of Dumézil's historical suggestions, which is at issue. Some of the opposition in this regard is indeed understandable, for "structuralism" has in recent years become the label of some exceedingly murky and pretentious pronouncements, and it is not only reactionary classicists who may be repelled by the excesses of the fashionable cult which has focused on the person of Professor Lévi-Strauss. But Dr. Littleton's book, admirable though it is in other respects, neither explains nor justifies the doctrine.

The resistance to Dumézil is not new in any case, and the method of comparison which he practises is by no means a recent development. Fundamentally, indeed, a determining factor in the opposition to his approach seems to be the dialectic of analysis, between content and relation, which is inescapable in any discipline and which perennially conduces to the formation of opposed argumentative camps. In the field of Indo-European studies there are numerous interpreters of content, but there are far fewer comparativists of structure. This disparity may result from the fact that the kind of investigation of which Dumézil is such an arresting proponent demands not only the conventional scholarly capacities but also a power of abstraction and a gift for discerning connexions with which few are endowed. Yet there is a method there, too, and this can be taught by example. Dr. Littleton's compendious guide is no substitute for the exemplary brilliance of the original, but it is a highly serviceable means to a wider appreciation of the intellectual excitement and instruction to be found in reading Professor Dumézil himself.

COGNATIC SOCIETY

CHIEF NAKANE: *Kinship and Economic Organization in Rural Japan*. 203pp. Athlone Press. 40s.

"Kinship" in a title immediately announces a work in social anthropology, but anthropologists have had increasing trouble to decide, in a technical sense and a comparative context, just what the term is supposed to mean. In this compact monograph Professor Chie Nakane, a Japanese woman scholar well known in the profession, makes an effective attempt to isolate, in village Japan, the factors there which are really at issue. In doing so she has faced the double difficulty of countering received notions on the subject and also of discounting the biases which these notions have introduced into previous accounts of Japanese peasant life carried out by her co-nationalists.

Her thorough and well-composed study rests not only on an extensive sociological literature in Japanese and English, supplemented by her own field inquiries, but on three centuries of historical records as well. This combination of sources of evidence lends her work a satisfying density which, if it demands full attention from the reader, permits a convincingly factual progress towards her conclusions. These are, briefly, that the primary elements of social organization in rural Japan are not family, descent group, or status group, but are instead household, local corporate group, and village. These social forms are defined not by "kinship", i.e., rules of descent and marriage, but by locality, co-residence, and economic collaboration. The element of kinship (in the common English sense) is a contingent, not a definitive, feature.

Theoretically this outcome is, as the author decently acknowledges, not really novel. Edmund Leach, to take one notable instance, has presented a striking demonstration of such a case in his study of a village in Ceylon; and it has been claimed elsewhere, more generally, that cognatic societies (such as in Japan), lacking the absolute formative principle of a lineal rule of descent, typically resort to other criteria of organization such as locality or property. But this new proof of the position is nevertheless valuable, as a further corrective to analytical prejudices, and a fundamental contribution to the understanding of Japanese society.

The records which the anthropologist, Bronislaw Malinowski, kept during his studies of Melanesians have been published in translation with a preface by his widow (and second wife) and an introduction by his pupil Raymond Firth. Malinowski kept this diary a secret and wrote it in a sort of Polish shorthand. Some may feel, therefore, that as he obviously never wished what he wrote in it to be published, it should not have been published, that a dead man has a right to the privacy of his thoughts.

The picture he painted of himself is not pleasant—even with the more intimate passages omitted. Mrs. Malinowski felt, however, that the diary was moreover a very boring repetition of banalities.

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Dishing it out

Look under dish in the big Webster and what do you find? Among the twenty-four definitions of the word itself, both noun and verb, the following: "a microwave antenna that is often parabolic in form and usually highly directive in wave reflection," "a of a horse to swing the forefeet sideways in trotting," and underneath, *discholt*, which most men know about, and *discholt* gourd, better known as a loofah. Then there is *discholt* (a weak or dull person) and *dish cross*. The wonderful world of words is open to anyone who buys the big Webster. A command of English will be his for ever.

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Fiction

CRIMINUSCULE

ERIC AMBLER: *Dirty Story*. 210pp. Bodley Head. 21s.

Mr. Ambler is still carrying on with his mean little anti-hero Arthur Simpson whose life is "nothing but a long dirty story". In this new book it takes rather too long to get Arthur from making pornography films in Africa, and the bounce needed to handle a drip like Arthur is too seldom there.

GIANNI BLACK: *A Wind of Death*. 256pp. Collins. 16s.

Nearly all the best thrillers now seem to be those with far-eastern settings, and Gianni Black is among the best of their writers. *A Wind of Death* presents a new adventure of Paul Harris, white Malaysian citizen, whose fleet of trading junks has fallen under American suspicions, which could, of course, mean the end of his company.

Some good characters reappear from earlier books: Kang, the Singapore policeman, Clem the over-controlled C.I.A. agent, and, as before, Harris's easy relationships with all races give the book substantiality. He has achieved the ability to be equally nasty to every one of them, and the only possible criticism of this immensely exciting story is that he has too much reason to be, trustworthy friends in his particular milieu being singularly rare. The beautiful gun-holding Chinese girl on the jacket does not appear between the covers.

LIONEL BLACK: *Two Ladies in Verona*. 223pp. Cassell. 21s.

A fight and jolly thriller in which Mr. Black's secret agent Emma, nubile, ingenious, tough (but vomiting after violence), outwits some four different lots of Thems in the pleasant *pageant* of northern Italy.

VICTOR CANNING: *The Python Project*. 284pp. Heinemann. 25s.

Mr. Canning is a professional thriller writer of high competence, and here when starts mildly and conventionally with the manly private investigator called by the insurance firm builds up to swift international intelligence skullduggery and frenetic dashes over much of Europe. The gimmicky is immense, hardly anyone is what he seems to be, and the Side is at least as unlikely as what is, for these days, a slightly old-fashioned choice of adversary.

ALEXANDER CORDELL: *The Bright Cantonese*. 224pp. Gollancz. 25s.

The Bright Cantonese is a clever

book, and Alexander Cordell convincingly places himself in the camera eye of a Eurasian woman, a fully trained Peking agent, devoted to the Cultural Revolution. A nuclear explosion in Canton makes it necessary to discover why an American Negro fled ship. Almost all the strange characters are convincing so long as we stay in China, Hongkong, and Macao; in America, less so, but still the story is carried by its originality, its tension and its terrible ending. This is a first-class thriller.

WILLIAM MURRAY: *The Sweet Ride*. 207pp. W. H. Allen. 21s.

Curiosity value: a novel in or purporting to be in American West-Coast beat idiom, and to express the point of view of the ops-out. It is as sentimental as they come, "beautiful" rhapsodies about great clean moments surfing or making love, but there is one episode of real horror, the grotesque motor-cycle gang with their morose accommodation-girl picking up shells on the beach. The hatred for the established society is venomous, and, all-ends-up, this is a terrifying shriek of despair about American people, ops-out and settlers-in alike.

JAMES HALL ROBERTS: *The February Plan*. 313pp. André Deutsch. 25s.

James Hall Roberts's last book. The "Q" Document, was of exceptional quality, probably the best, thriller of 1965. This new one, also set in Japan, is less good, and certainly, to a non-American, alien and unattractive in conception. It is basically the Strangelove story, spiced with venom towards the C.I.A., yet patriotic in a disingenuously American way. The person for a situation which the reader guesses long before he does is a guilt-ridden American writer who comes to Tokyo to discover why his estranged son died. Mr. Roberts has worked hard and invented industriously, but this time involvement does not come off.

EDWARD WYMARK: *As Good As Gold*. 237pp. Longmans. 25s.

What happens if you do call in the police? Airline pilot John Verreker does so when brushed by gold smuggling and worse; and it avails him less than we might hope. An easy sophisticated read, with some nice expert writing about flying far afield.

Information, Please

BRADLAUGH TO YEATS

Charles Bradlaugh: any letters, or other unpublished material by, or connected with, him. Also any journals or documents related to the republican movement.

David Tribe.
10 New Row, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

Countess Bress: lived at Gentilly near Geneva in summer of 1816. J. W. Pollard, Byron's physician, wrote *The Countess Bress*, a tale published in London over Byron's name, in 1819. She is thought to have been a former mistress, married to a Russian and later to a Venetian. Can anyone identify her?

Henry R. Vies.
Consultant for the Historical Collection, The Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine, 10 Shattuck Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02115.

Andrew Crose (1784-1855), "The Electrician", of Broomfield, near Taunton. Any information.

Oliver Sullybrass.
106 Westwood Hill, London, S.E.26.

Dr. J. B. Danquah, died in Ghana in 1965. Any letters 1947-1965, or earlier.

R. J. Moxon.
Moxon Paperbacks, The Atlas Bookshop, P.O. Box M.160, Accra.

Robert Dodsley (1703-1764): any unpublished material on him, and about his publishing *The Museum, or Library and Historical Register*. Also records of the Dodsley publishing company.

James E. Tierney.
400 South Orange Avenue, South Orange, New Jersey.

Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758), noted American divine and philosopher. Letters to, by, and about him. Two of his most important correspondents were the Rev. Isaac Hollis (High Wycombe), and William Hogg (merchandise, Edinburgh). Also any MSS.

George S. Claghorn.
411 W. Union Street, Chester, Pa. 19380, U.S.A.

Roger Fry (1866-1934): whereabouts of any early paintings (1885-1906).

Lucia A. Beier.
22 Newlands Road, Lancaster, Lancs.

William Lloyd Garrison: information about manuscript letters, original or transcribed, in private hands.

Professor Louis Ruchames.
Department of History, University of Massachusetts, 100 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

Greek Scholarship in Spain and Latin America: any bibliographical data that depicts contacts between Greece and Spain, for a second edition of a book of the above title.

Professor James Kleon Demetrius.
Box 819 Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.

Frederic Holmwood, Acting British Agent and Consul-General, Zanzibar 1886-87 and previously Vice-Consul and Consul; Assistant to Sir John

Kirk and leading propagandist for British annexation and railway-building in East Africa. Papers and biographical information needed.

Keith Kyle.
Institute of Politics, Harvard University, 78 Mount Auburn Street, Cambridge 02138, Mass.

Mollie Gillen.
31 Rosary Gardens, London, S.W.7.

Miscellaneous: details of how Rouget de Lisle came to compose it. Also whereabouts of detailed history of Strasbourg Cathedral.

T. A. Layton.
24 Duke Street, London, W.1.

North American Indians, especially eastern: artifacts collected before 1900, and paintings, drawings, photographs made before 1860; locations in private and smaller public collections in the British Isles, to plan research visits for studies of the history of Indian material culture.

W. S. Surtees.
Institute of Social Anthropology, 51 Banbury Road, Oxford.

James Lawton Norton (d.1925), engineer and evangelical short-story writer of Birmingham; any correspondence or other unpublished material; bibliography of works.

C. Simms.
The Manor Cottage, Museum Gardens, York.

H. B. O'Hanlon: whereabouts of MSS. or printed copies of his three plays *Tamworth, Speculation and The All Alone*.

Miss R. A. White.
161 Chili Avenue, Rochester, New York 14611.

Sir William Rothenstein: information regarding letters and other papers of his, especially those material with a bearing upon his interest in Indian art and his friendship with Rabindranath Tagore.

Mary M. Lago.
Care of W. Farmer, 2 Ulkwater, 53 Putney Hill, London, S.W.15.

Modern Scottish Poetry: books or any other relevant material in this field.

Stephen Scobie.
Department of English, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, Canada.

George Sheppard (1820-1902), English-born Canadian/American journalist; any letters, MSS. or information about his life.

M. H. Lewis.
Care of The Department of History, Carleton University, Ottawa 4, Ontario, Canada.

Dr. Edward Smith (tr. 1818-1874); worked on respiratory diseases; Fellow of Royal Society in 1860; any

personal family papers relating to him.

D. J. Oke.
Sir John Atkins Laboratories, 40 Hill, London, W.8.

Mrs. Jeannette Miskin.
Kin House, 40 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

John Murray Smart-Young (1881-1951), poet, etc. Any information.

Dr. G. K. Kiley.
Department of English, University of London, Nigeria.

Robert Smith (1805-1864), abolitionist, of Humley Hall, Newcastle; any letters, MSS. or other papers; also his whereabouts and activities between his leaving Durham School in 1819 and his arrival to a Newcastle solicitor.

David R. Johnston-Jones.
225 London Road, Chelmsford, Essex.

Timothy Twiffler, horseman and author. Any documents, letters, photographs relating to him.

Mary and Alex Martin.
48 Beaumont Court, Chichester, London, W.4.

Arthur Waley: any letters, poems, articles, or short translations by him, or Professor Ivan Morris.

Department of East Asian Languages and Cultures, Columbia University, in the City of New York, New York, N.Y. 10027.

Joseph Warton (1722-1800): letters to and from him and his brother Thomas Warton.

A. J. S. Sambrook.
Department of English, The University, Southampton.

Sir Frederick Wadmore, art critic and author of such collections of stories as *Reminiscences and A Gold Ring* (1871). Any information about him.

Professor William Peter.
Department of English, University of Missouri, Columbia 65201.

Oscar Wilde: relevant material in biography.

Richard Elliott.
Department of English, Northern University, Evanston, Illinois 60120.

Thomas Wright (1839-?), author of *Some Habits and Customs of Working Classes*, etc.; date of birth and unpublished manuscripts, letters, and other papers.

Joyce M. Bell.
Department of Economics, The University, Hull.

John Butler Yates (1830-1922), laborer, William Butler and Jack Butler Yates; whereabouts of papers, letters, etc.

William M. Wynn.
Humanities Building, York College, Schenectady, New York 12305.

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